



RALPH T. H. GRIFFITH M.A.

IDYLLS FROM THE SANSKRIT

BY

RALPH T. H. GRIFFITH, M.A.

PRINCIPAL OF THE SANSKRIT COLLEGE, BENARES

REPRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

PANINI OFFICE, BAHADURGANJ, ALLAHABAD

1912

Allahabad

PRINTED BY APURVA KRISHNA BOSE AT THE INDIAN PRESS

MR. GRIFFITH brought out his 'Idylls from the Sanskrit' in 1865. These are re-printed in the present work, as well as several other pieces which appeared in the *Pandit* of Benares between 1866 and 1870. It is for the first time that all the miscellaneous poems from the Sanskrit which the late Mr. Griffith translated in English verse have been collected and published by us.

We are indebted to Mahamahopadhyaya Pandit Adityaram Bhattacharya, M.A., for his very kindly permitting us to publish his "In Memoriam Ralph Thomas Hotchkin Griffith" which originally appeared in the *Modern Review* for February 1907.

He has also placed us under obligation to him by kindly supplying us with Mr. Griffith's portrait, half-tone photo which forms the frontispiece to this work. A fairly large-sized enlarged photo adorns the Library of the Queen's College, Benares. It is the gift of Mr. Griffith's grateful pupil Mahamahopadhyaya Pandit Adityaram Bhattacharya.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
In Memoriam, Ralph Thomas Hotchkin Griffith	v
 I. FROM THE RAGHUVANSA :—	
i. The Invocation...	1
ii. Dilipa	3
iii. Raghu	24
iv. Raghu's Campaign	29
v. Aja	39
vi. Spring	71
vii. The Hunt	73
viii. The Address to Vishnu	75
ix. The Birth of Rama	80
x. The Flying Car	85
xi. Kusa and Lava	94
xii. Mother and Son	104
xiii. The Deserted City	105
xiv. The Ladies' Bath	108
 II. FROM THE MAHABHARAT :—	
i. Savitri	113
ii. The Suppliant Dove	123
iii. True Glory	126
iv. Marriage	128
 III. FRAGMENTS :—	
i. The Rains	131
ii. Autumn	134
iii. Feed the Poor	138
iv. The Wise Scholar	139

IN MEMORIAM RALPH THOMAS HOTCHKIN GRIFFITH.

INTELLIGENCE of the death of the renowned oriental scholar was published in the *Pioneer* in its issue of the 12th November 1906, in the following telegram :—

“The death is announced of Ralph Thomas Hotchkin Griffith, a well known oriental scholar, who was Principal of Benares College for fifteen years and Director of Public Instruction in the North-Western Provinces and Oudh from 1878 to 1885. Deceased was eighty years of age and a keen horticulturist.”

This eminent orientalist, the educator of a generation of Indian youths in the Benares College, who spent his whole manhood in advancing the cause of Sanskrit in various ways—chiefly by popularising the gems of Sanskrit poetry among the English-speaking scholars of the East and the West through the medium of elegant translations in verse—the distinguished Oxonian who made India his home and having lived in it for more than half a century laid his bones here, whose death will be mourned by a large number of admirers, pupils and friends ;—Mr. Griffith should receive a fuller notice in the land of his adoption and work.

Mr. Griffith's claim to our gratitude and admiration is based on two grounds : first, his excellent work as the Principal of the first College in his time in Upper India ;

second, his authorship of beautiful poetical translations of the best specimens of Sanskrit poems—sacred and profane, epic and lyrical.

Let us first look at him in his capacity of a Principal. But before bringing him on the scene of his educational work in the Benares College it were as well to have a view of the educational condition of the Province at the time he began his Indian career. He came here when the Universities had not come into existence and before the formation of the Department of Public Instruction under Educational Directors. The only rival institution for the imparting of high education in these provinces at that time was the College at Agra, that at Bareilly being the third in order of seniority and rank. The College at Benares, even in the early fifties, had acquired a high repute due to the eminence of the professors who were successively on its staff. Like master like pupil. The College turned out some of the best scholars in those early days of English education, and the fame of the College spread wherever its ex-students were in evidence.

The Benares College is a composite institution. It began as a purely Sanskrit College and is a centenarian like its old cotemporary the sister College at Calcutta. The English Department was a later addition, but, though comparatively young, is still not less than three score years and ten. This composite College first attained its eminence under the Principalship of Dr. James Robert Ballantyne. He was a versatile scholar and had teaching

experience in England before he came out to India. He encouraged the Pandits to have a peep into European philosophy and science, and the Anglo-Sanskrit Department was established with the view of imparting some English education to young Pandits. He prepared for their use Anglo-Sanskrit manuals on various subjects of study, including Political Economy and Chemistry. One of his clever pandits, the late Vithwala Sastri, had learnt so much of Latin as to be able to translate a portion of Bacon's *Novum Organon* into Sanskrit. The late Pandit Bapu Dev Sastri earned his celebrity for his translations of Sanskrit astronomical works into English during the regime of Dr. Ballantyne. But the indefatigable Scotch Principal did not exhaust his energies in the Sanskrit side of the College. He prepared a batch of scholars in the English Department who were the pioneers, so to say, of higher English education in these Provinces. The late Babu Ramchandra Sen, the first Indian Inspector of Schools in Oudh, the late Pandit Mathura Prasad Misra, the first and most efficient Indian Head Master of the Benares College, the late Hon'ble Ram Kali Chowdhury, who was a distinguished member of the Subordinate Judicial Service and who might have become a High Court Judge under more favourable circumstances, these and several other men of distinction were the first fruits of his educational work. That was before the University system of education had come into existence. Their number was few in comparison with

the horde of graduates that the University is manufacturing every year, but the quality produced bore evidence of the master-hand of the educationist.

It was during the latter half of Dr. Ballantyne's Principalship that Mr. Griffith joined the Benares College as his colleague. He came out not as a new-fledged graduate of an English University with little educational experience, as some are sent now-a-days by the Secretary of State to train Indian youths in Science and Arts. He had distinguished himself as a Boden Scholar of Sanskrit at Oxford, had served as an Assistant Master in Marlborough College and had brought out a volume of "Specimens of Indian Poetry" and also "The Birth of the War-God." The first mentioned work contained choice specimens from the Vedas, the Ramayana, the Gita, the Sakuntala, the Mahabharata, the Meghaduta, together with a short account of the "Figures of the Indian Rhetoric." The second work is a translation of Kalidasa's poem, "the Kumara-Sambhava." Such was the scholar whom the College at Benares had secured as its Professor and Head Master. It was the height of prosperity for the old Benares College to enjoy the services of two such scholars as Ballantyne and Griffith on its staff. Dr. Ballantyne retired in about 1861 and became the Librarian at the India Office in London. Mr. Griffith stepped into the Principalship. For over fifteen years he held this office with remarkable success. His *forte* was the teaching of English poetry. He felt

a conscious superiority in his own mastery of English, and his great pleasure was to make his pupils excel in it. They were always afraid lest they gave offence to him by their bad English or defective pronunciation. Dictating notes was not his practice. He would refer his pupils to the College Library. The reading of books outside the class courses was the strong point of the students of his time. Hence the information of the undergraduates of those days was wider than that of the present average graduate. The first Head Masters of the Zilla Schools in Oudh were mostly Mr. Griffith's pupils, appointed by the lamented Mr. Handford, the then Director of Public Instruction of that Province. They were simply Undergraduates. Both Mr. Handford and his successor Mr. Nesfield bore testimony to the excellence of their teaching. Secondary education in Oudh owed its existence to them. Most of them are dead or retired, but it is doubtful whether Oudh Zilla Schools have better Head Masters now in these days of an abundant supply of Bachelors and Masters of Arts.

Mr. Griffith was a linguist. He knew well his Greek and Latin and had an acquaintance with several modern European tongues. German criticisms of Shakespeare and German translations of the great dramatist's plays were kept on his table for occasional consultation. His translation of Jami's poem "Yusuf and Zulaikha" is an evidence of his knowledge of Persian. He took pleasure in summoning now and then a lower class to

the Principal's room and making them read and translate their vernacular text-books in Urdu, Hindi and Bengali. Mr. Griffith's mind was thus stored with the knowledge of the leading languages of the East and the West—ancient and modern. There was in him a refinement of manner and speech that was striking. His presence inspired a sense of awe in the students of the College. His appreciation, in turn, of the merits of his students was attended with unstinted and substantial rewards. He would not grudge to grant two or even three scholarships at once to a good student. He was generous and liberal, both as a man and as an official.

His great ambition as a Principal was that the Benares College should be glorified by the greatness of its students. And he witnessed the realisation of his wishes. In his time the College gave to its alumni the hall-mark of superior culture and scholarship. To possess Mr. Griffith's testimonial was a passport to official patronage. Such was Mr. Griffith, the Principal of Queen's College at Benares.

En passant it may be stated here that it is not known to the public at large that the change of name from Benares College to Queen's College was due to Mr. Griffith's desire to have the Benares College called after his own College at Oxford. The Government had so much respect for his wishes that they granted his request and thenceforth the new name has been officially and publicly used.

He rose to the Directorship of Public Instruction after more than fifteen years of distinguished service as Principal and was made a C. I. E. in recognition of his long and meritorious career of usefulness.

Mr. Griffith had not neglected his leisure hours in the midst of his official educational occupations. He brought out his 'Idylls from the Sanskrit' in 1865 and his 'Scenes from the Ramayana' in 1868. His great work, the metrical translation of the Ramayana of Valmiki, was composed between 1870 and 1875 and his 'Yusuf and Zulaikha' came out in 1882. The translations of the Rik, Sama and Atharva Vedas were rendered during his retirement and abode in the Nilgiris in Southern India. He has not left any original composition, but all his translations are poetical. The smaller pieces are delightfully charming.

Mr. Griffith sincerely appreciated the national virtues that characterised the people whose sacred literature he studied. Chief among these is the regard for animal life and compassion towards the distressed.

Mr. Griffith resented the unwarranted attacks of some of his ignorant and thoughtless countrymen on the character of the people whom destiny has placed under their rule. One such favourite fling against the Hindus has been, that the word 'Gratitude' is not to be found in their dictionary. Mr. Griffith's annoyance at such baseless calumny has found expression in the following lines in which the Hindu moralist

anathematises ingratitude with all the authority of the
Shastras :—

INGRATITUDE.

O Monarch, hear with mind and ear
The words that Bramha spoke :
' The thankless man lives under ban,
Who will, his life may take ;

Man for all sin may pardon win,
How deep soe'er the guilt ;
Yea, for the stain of Brahman slain
Whose blood must never be spilt.

Slave to the bowl that kills the soul,
He turns and gains relief ;
The liar yet may pardon get,
The perjured and the thief.

But never can the thankless man
Be pardoned for his crime ;
Disgrace and shame shall hunt his name
Through life and endless time.

When reft of friends his days he ends
In profitless remorse,
E'en beasts of prey shall turn away
And scorn his loathed corpse.'

We are afraid lest by any addition to the above we exceed the limit of the present article. But the following from Jami's 'Yusuf and Zulaikha' compels quotation : the thoughts embodied are so characteristic of Persian poetry, and the translation has so faithfully reproduced the original in a style at once superb and lofty and heroically measured.

LOVE.

No heart is that which love ne'er wounded : they
Who know not lover's pangs are soulless clay.
Turn from the world, O turn they wandering feet,
Come to the world of love and find it sweet.

Heaven's giddy round from craze of love was caught;
From love's disputes the world with strife is fraught.
Love's slave be thou if thou would fain be free;
Welcome love's pangs, and happy shalt thou be.
From wine of love come joy and generous heat;
From meaner cups flow sorrow and deceit.
Love's sweet soft memories youth itself restore;
The tale of love gives fame for evermore.
If Majnun never the cup of love had drained,
High fame in heaven and earth he ne'er had gained;
A thousand sages deep in wisdom's lore,
Untaught of love, died, and are known no more.
Without a name or trace in death they sank
And in the book of Time their name is blank.
The groves are gay with many a lovely bird;
Our lips are silent and their praise unheard;
But when the theme is love's delicious tale,
The moth is lauded and the nightingale.
What though a hundred Arts to thee be known:
Freedom from self is gained through love alone.
To worldly love thy youthful thoughts incline,
For earthly love will lead to love divine.
First with the Alphabet thy task begin.
Then take the Word of God and read therein.
Once to his Master a disciple cried:—
"To wisdom's pleasant path be thou my guide."
"Hast thou ne'er loved?" the master answered, "learn
The ways of love and then to me return."
Drink deep of earthly love, that so thy lip
May learn the wine of holier love to sip.
But let not form too long thy soul entrance;
Pass o'er the bridge: with rapid feet advance.
If thou would rest, thine ordered journey sped,
Forbear to linger at the bridge's head.

His Anglo-Sanskrit monthly journal *The Pandit* was founded and conducted by him for many years, more to utilise the labours of the Pandits of the Sanskrit College for the editing and publishing of rare manuscripts than to open a medium for the presentation to the public of his own writings.

His long life—he lived to the age of four score years—was occupied in the authorship of some readable work or other that has added to the store of Anglo-Sanskrit literature.

Now that we have sketched him both as a Principal and an Author, the reader, perhaps, would be curious to know what he was as a man. “An English gentleman” would be the shortest description in which his character may be summed up.

As one devoted to poetry he had a love for flowers and in his time the College garden was the best in the town. He carried his love of flowers to the end of his life. In a letter to an old pupil* written from Kotagiri when he was verging on his eighteenth year he says:—

“Thanks to your kind enquiry as to my health. It is still very good, every thing considered, and I can enjoy life in this excellent climate with a large and beautiful garden full of lovely flowers.

“I am sorry that I cannot at present send you a photograph† of myself. I had only two, and one of them I sent at his request to the late Professor Max Muller. I will remember your wish when I have one to spare.”

Yours sincerely,

RALPH T. H. GRIFFITH.

* The writer of the “In Memoriam.”—PUBLISHER.

† The one which forms the frontispiece of this volume was kindly supplied to Mahamahopadhyaya Pandit Adityaram Bhattacharya by Mr. Griffith's sister-in-law after his death.
—PUBLISHER.

In the same letter occurs the following passage:—

“I take very great interest in the careers of my old pupils and am happy to see that many of them are occupying high and responsible positions in the service of the Government.”

Well may his grateful pupils idolize their past master.

When he retired from the service, his pupils, friends, and admirers raised a fund to perpetuate his memory. The late lamented Syed Mahmood, then in the zenith of his official eminence, was the life and soul of that movement. Mr. Mahmood was a pupil of Mr. Griffith before he went out to England as a State-scholar to complete his education in the University of Cambridge. He got a committee formed at Allahabad to raise subscriptions and himself contributed a handsome donation of Rs. 1,000. The committee issued an appeal to the people from which the following extract may now be quoted here :—

“The committee beg to invite all the old pupils and friends of the learned scholar, as also all admirers of the Sanskrit language, to come forward and co-operate with them in raising the requisite funds, in honour of a gentleman who during a long and distinguished career, while entertaining a deep but unostentatious sympathy with our countrymen, has nobly done all in his power to promote the study of our ancient Literature and Philosophy and by his excellent translation of the Ramayana and other poems has rendered the poetical imagination and moral refinements of the ancient East accessible to European readers unacquainted with the Oriental classics.

“It has been determined that the proposed memorial should take the form of an endowment for scholarships and medals for students pursuing the study of Sanskrit in the Benares College. The committee are of opinion that a sum of Rs. 10,000 be raised and invested in Government securities for this purpose.

"It cannot be denied that at the present time our ancient classics like other ancient Literatures, having ceased to be the practical means of earning livelihood, require large and liberal endowments to keep them alive, so that while doing nothing but our bounden duty in honour of Mr. Griffith's eminent services, we shall in establishing the proposed Memorial have advanced the cause, of encouraging the languages and learning of the Rishis and Munis of ancient India."

The pupils and friends of Mr. Griffith at Benares followed the example of the Allahabad committee and in response to this appeal, held a meeting at Benares. The subscriptions raised both at Allahabad and Benares were made over to the University of Allahabad, which accepted the trust of the Fund. In the Allahabad University calendar we read the following words :—

"The 'Griffith Memorial Fund' shall consist of Rs. 6,329-4-4, already realised for the purpose of establishing and maintaining a Memorial of Mr. R. T. H. Griffith, M. A., C. I. E., together with such further sum as may hereafter from time to time be collected for the said purpose."

It will be seen from the above that provision was made at the time to add further sums to the fund. That amount was raised at the time of Mr. Griffith's retirement from the service. Now is the occasion to pay our last debt to the illustrious deceased. The originally proposed amount of Rs. 10,000 was not raised. May not his pupils and admirers once more come forward and complete the commemoration of Ralph T. H. Griffith?

ADITYARAM BHATTACHARYA.

I

FROM THE RAGHUVANSA

THE INVOCATION.¹

GREAT authors of the world, almighty Pair,
Listen, O listen to your servant's prayer.
Ye, who are knit, by Love's eternal tie,
Close as the links that word and sense ally,²
Hear, mighty Siva, gracious Uma, hear;³
Inspire my words, and let their sense be clear.
But, ah, the folly! Can I hope to guide
My frail bark safely o'er a boundless tide?
How men will mock the humble bard who sings
The ancient glories of the Sun-born Kings;

¹ This is a translation of the first ten stanzas of the first canto of the *Raghuvansá*, or *Children of the Sun*, an epic poem by Kálidása. The poem describes the exploits of a line of princes descended from the Sun, of whom Ráma was the boast and ornament. It has been translated into Latin by Stenzler, and into French by M. Hippolyte Fauche, and roughly thrown into English verse by the present translator, who does not, however, venture to publish it entire,

² The Mímánsá school of philosophy holds that a word and its meaning are eternally and inseparably connected.

³ Siva is the destroyer and regenerator, in the Indian Trinity. Umá is the daughter of Himálaya, the monarch of mountains. Her birth, beauty, love, penance, and marriage to Siva are described in Kálidása's *Kumára-Sambhava*, or *Birth of the War-God*.

Like a young child with little hands outspread
 For fruit that glows above a giant's head.
 Yet by their lays the ancient Sons of Song¹
 Ope wide the gates that guard the glorious throng;
 As diamonds pierce the way for silk to string
 Rich pearls to deck the forehead of a king.
 Yes, I must dare: their noble deeds inspire,
 And warm my bosom with a poet's fire.
 Yes, I will sing, although the hope be vain
 To tell their glories in a worthy strain,
 Whose holy fame in earliest life was won,
 Who toiled unresting till the task was done.
 Far as the distant seas all owned their sway;
 High as the heaven none checked their lofty way.
 Constant in worship, prompt at Duty's call,
 Swift to reward the good, the bad appal,
 They gathered wealth, but gathered to bestow,
 And ruled their words that all their truth might know.
 In glory's quest they risked their noble lives;
 For love and children, married gentle wives.
 On holy lore in childhood's days intent,
 In love and joy their youthful prime they spent,
 As hermits, mused, in life's declining day,
 Then in Devotion dreamed their souls away.
 Come, hear my song, ye just, whose bosoms glow
 With Virtue's flame, and good from evil know.
 As fire assays the purity of gold,
 Judge ye the merit of these Chiefs of old.

¹ Alluding to Válmíki, author of the *Rámáyana*, and others.

FIRST Manu reigned, revered by every sage,
First, like the mystic word in Scripture's page.²
From him Dilipa traced his high descent,
Of his pure race the purest ornament.
Tall and broad-shouldered, stout and strong of limb,
Valour incarnate fixed her throne in him.
Matchless in beauty and heroic might,
He towered like Meru in his lofty height.
Meet for his godlike form, his noble mind
To worthy studies in his youth inclined:
Thence great designs inspired his generous soul,
And mighty deeds with glory crowned the whole.
With kingly virtues gentle yet severe,
His subjects loved him, but they loved in fear.
We love the pearls that lie 'neath ocean's waves,
But dread the monsters in his gloomy caves,
His loving people followed him, their guide,
Nor turned from Manu's Law one step aside :

¹ The story of Dilipa is taken from the first, second, and part of the third cantos of the *Raghuvansā*. The service of the cow will, as Professor H. H. Wilson has observed, "raise a smile upon the face of a European critic ; but it is not unpoetical, and is intensely characteristic."

² The sacred syllable OM, prefacing the prayers and, most of the writing of the Hindus.

DILIPA.

And well they knew the tax they gladly paid
For their advantage on the realm was laid.
The bounteous sun delights to drink the lakes,
But gives ten thousandfold the wealth he takes.
Though troops in harness, ranged before his gate,
Kept watch and ward, to swell his royal state,
Yet all success, each triumph o'er the foe,
Sprang from his wisdom or his ready bow.
Prudent and calm, no tell-tale look revealed
His secret thoughts, from every eye concealed.
As, in the present life, our joys and woes
Our former virtues and our crimes disclose,
So, crowned with full success, events alone
Proved his wise plans and made his counsels known.
He honoured prudence, though he scorned to fear ;
Youthful and strong, his virtue was sincere.
He gathered riches, but he freely gave ;
And pleasure blessed him, but could ne'er enslave.
Contrasted virtues, ceasing to contest,
Reigned, like fond sisters, in the prince's breast :
With silence, wise ; with might, to anger slow ;
A lavish monarch, but averse from show.
Skilled in all lore, unharmed by pleasure's sway,
He grew in years, but felt no power decay ;
His people's father, guardian, friend, and guide :
Their sires were others ; he was all beside.
Thus, as he ruled his kingdom to maintain,
And married wives a father's joy to gain,
No selfish aims his noble spirit knew ;
For Virtue formed his Gain and Pleasure too.

To gladden Heaven with gifts, the earth he drained ;
On earth, in answer, gracious Indra rained :
And thus to each a glorious boast was given,
That Indra fostered earth, Dilipa, Heaven.
What other prince this lofty praise could claim,
That theft was only, in his realm, a name ?
He honoured merit, though it graced a foe ;
As sick men medicine's healing virtue know :
While worthless friends were banished from his sight ;
Like fingers poisoned by a serpent's bite.
The good Creator made, for all to share,
The earth and water, ether, fire and air ;
Thus too he formed Dilipa, sent to bless,
And find his own in others' happiness.
He ruled the earth, from rival sceptre free,
Like one vast city girdled by the sea.
His Queen was daughter of the royal race
Of Magadh,—lovely both in mind and face ;
And, if his love was shared by girls besides,
She and dear Fortune were his only brides.
One boon was wanting to the monarch's joy ;
His were all blessings save that best, a boy !
Oh, how he longed, that childless King, to see
A royal infant smiling on her knee,
With his dear mother's eyes and face divine,
A second self to ornament his line !
One hope is left,—to seek the hermit's cell,
And to his holy guide, Vasishtha, tell
The longing of his soul : his ancient friend
May give some counsel that his grief may end.

To chosen ministers he trusts the weight
Of all his royal sway and cares of state.
To God, the great Creator, first he pays
His humble worship, and for offspring prays ;
Then, with the Queen, ascends his car, that tells
His coming with the music of its bells.
Have ye ne'er seen an elephant on high
Borne on his cloudy chariot through the sky ?
Have ye ne'er seen the flashing lightning ride,
In sportive beauty, by the monster's side ?
So seemed it now : so tall and strong was he ;
So bright, so dazzling in her beauty, she.
Few are their guards : a thousand trampling feet
Would mar the quiet of the Saint's retreat ;
But yet a circling host seems ever there ;
For such divinity doth hedge that pair.
Fresh on their cheeks the soft wind gently blows,
Wafting the perfume of the woodland rose,
And, heavy with the dust of rifled flowers,
Waves the young branches of the Mango bowers.
They hear the peacock's joyous cry,—his head
Lifted in wonder at the coursers' tread.
They watch the cranes in jubilant armies fly,
Crowning, like flowers, the portals of the sky.
From shady coverts by the way the deer
Throw startled glances when the car is near ;
Then, as they gaze, the king with pride compares
His soft-eyed lady's tender look with theirs.
A friendly wind attends them on their way,
And augurs fortune ere the close of day :

DILIPA.

No dust may fall upon the lady's dress,
Stain her soft cheek, or dim one shining tress ;
While, like her breath, sweet odours, fresh and cool,
Steal from the lilies on the ruffled pool.
Shining in beauty, robed in purest white,
Like spring's best planet, and the 'Lord of Night,
Through towns they pass, and many a hamlet fair,
Founded and cherished by their royal care ;
While white-robed priests attend, a holy train,
Bless their beloved Prince, nor bless in vain.
Nor do they scorn the gifts that shepherds bring,—
Curds and new milk,—their tribute to the King,
But kindly bid the happy peasants say
What trees are those whose branches shade the way.
With eager eyes he shows the wondering Queen
The varied beauties of each woodland scene.
Lost in delight, they reach the hermit's cot ;
The journey's ended, but they mark it not.
Evening is come, and, weary of the road,
The horses rest before the Saint's abode,
Crowded with hermits from the forests near,
Seeking their grass, and fruit, and fuel here.
There playful fawns their daily rice await,
Thronging like children round the cottage gate ;
And, in the garden, hermits' daughters o'er
Each young tree's thirsty roots fresh water pour,
Then stand aside, that timid birds may drink
Their share, in quiet, ere the stream can sink.
Quick from the car the King and Queen descend,
And turn impatient towards their saintly friend.

The hermits welcome him with honours due,
 And kindly greet the royal lady, too ;
 Then lead them on where sits the ancient Sage,
 With the Great Matron, in the hermitage.¹
 Welcomed with gentle looks and words most sweet,
 The royal pair embrace their sacred feet.
 And then Vasishtha, after food and rest,
 Asks of his kingdom's weal his honoured guest.
 Cheered by his kindness, thus replies the King,
 The best of speakers, to his questioning :
 " Safe in thy love, I dread no living foe ;
 Thy friendship, Sage, protects from every woe ;
 Vain are my arrows, vain all earthly arms ;
 For thou hast blest me with thy mystic charms.
 Heaven hears thy voice : thou bidst the flame arise,
 To call down water from obedient skies.
 My people thrive, from grief and sickness free ;
 And all these blessings, Saint, we owe to thee.
 With thee, great lord, to counsel and befriend,
 The bliss thou sendest surely ne'er should end ;
 But Mother Earth, whom tears nor prayers have won
 Is still ungracious, and denies a son.
 She teems with jewels, and can, yet, withhold
 One treasure lovelier than gems and gold.
 The spirits of my fathers pine to see
 No hope of funeral offerings after me ;
 And, if they taste the drink my care supplies,
 They taste it heated with unceasing sighs.

¹ The Great Matron is Arundhatí, the wife of Vasishtha.

As Lokaloka's chain, with one side bright,¹
 The other buried in eternal night,
 Pure is my soul, through sacrifice and prayer;
 But all the rest is dark without an heir.
 Thou knowest in the world to come our bliss
 Spring from our Penance and good works in this;
 But he to whom a saviour son is given
 Finds peace on earth and endless joy in Heaven.
 Dear guide and guardian, thou would'st grieve to see
 No golden blossoms on the favourite tree
 Thou hast so often watered; and, when I,
 Thy friend, am childless, wilt thou check the sigh?
 Oh, aid me in my woe! 'Tis ever thine
 To bring good succour to our ancient line."
 He spake. One instant, ere the Sage replies,
 He fixes, in deep thought, his searching eyes;
 Still as some lake, at summer's noon, when deep
 In sunless caverns lie the fish asleep.
 He saw the cause with more than human ken;
 And thus the Sage addressed the King of men:
 "Dost thou remember when, supremely blest,
 Indra in Heaven received thee as his guest?
 Thence as thou camest, on thy homeward way,
 The holy Cow beneath the shadow lay"
 Of the Celestial Tree: thy thoughts were far
 Far absent; as the thoughts of lovers are,

¹ A mountainous belt, surrounding the outermost of the seven seas, and bounding the world.

² Surabhi, the Cow of Plenty, able to grant every wish.

When absent from their loves : thy heedless eye
 Saw not, or marked not, as thou camest by.
 Then thus she cursed thee : ' As thine impious pride
 The reverence Kings should pay me has denied,
 Now shall no offspring bless thy royal line,
 Till thou hast paid all honours due to mine.'
 The curse she uttered failed to reach thine ear,
 So loud the voice of Ganga foaming near,—
 Celestial Ganga, boiling o'er with spray
 Dashed up by heavenly elephants at play.
 For this dishonour to the holy Cow,
 Unhonoured, childless, thou art suffering now.
 Woe and misfortune ever are their fate
 Who pay not reverence to the good and great.
 Now in the under-world she dwells to aid
 The dreary vow that old Prachetas made ;¹
 Then, in her stead, this Cow, her offspring, take,
 And pay her honour for her mother's sake.
 Win, with all care, her love ; for she can pour
 All blessings on thee from her boundless store."
 The hermit ceased. Quick from the grove she came,
 Young Nandini, the cow that blessed the flame
 Of sacrificial worship. Dusky red
 Was her fair body ; on her sacred head
 A crescent lock of curling silvery hair
 Shone like the young moon in the evening air.
 As, with maternal love, her calf she viewed,
 Full streams of holy milk the ground bedewed ;

¹ See the *Mahābhārata*, Vol. I., p. 32 (Calcutta edition).

While the dust raised beneath her sacred feet
Fell on the monarch's head with influence sweet,
" Rejoice !" the hermit cried ; " thy bliss is near :
Her name scarce uttered, see ! the Cow is here.
Now feed on fruit, and what the wood supplies,
And watch her every step with careful eyes :
By constant toil is sacred lore attained ;
So shall her love by ceaseless care be gained.
Watch all her movements, be her actions thine ;
Walk when she walks, and, when she rests, recline ;
And let thy lady, at the break of day,
Far as the sacred grove protect her way.
Then go, and prosper. Blessed shalt thou be,
• And among fathers none shall equal thee."
The King and Queen before the hermit bent,
And to his bidding gave glad consent ;
Then sought the leafy lodging, where they found
Their bed of sweet grass heaped upon the ground.
Ere yet with early dawn the sky was red,
The anxious couple left their humble bed.
She culled fresh garlands for the holy Cow,
And poured sweet perfumes o'er her sacred brow.
Then in her step that royal matron trod ;
As the Law follows close the word of God.
Far as the forest's darksome edge she went,
Then left her husband on his charge intent.
Not less his care than if that Cow had been
Earth with her teeming oceans, Earth the Queen.
No servants followed ; for their own strong arm
Guards Manu's children from all scathe and harm.

Close to the Cow, he kept the flies away,
Fed her with grass and many a tender spray.
To win her love, he gently stroked her head,
Checked not her steps, but followed where she led.
With her he stood, with her he sought repose,
Drank when she drank, and, when she moved, arose.
When from his brow no tell-tale oozings flow,
The forest elephant's wild heat to show,
Ye mark his fury—as he rushes by—
In the red lightning of his troubled eye.
Thus, when his kingly state was laid aside,
His royal robes and ornaments of pride,
Ye could not see Dilípa, but to swear
A king indeed, a glorious king, was there.
As he moved onwards, beautiful and strong,
The glad birds hailed him with their gayest song,
And, shaken by the breeze, young creepers shed
A coronet of flowers upon his head.
From shady covert, as he passed, the deer
Gazed on the gentle king, and knew no fear;
While, as the breezes filled the tuneful reeds,
He heard the Wood-Sylphs laud his glorious deeds.
When faint and sinking 'neath the glare of day,
A gentle zephyr round his head would play,
And, stealing dew-drops from the mountain springs,
Waft cooling odours on its balmy wings.
Peace reigned around him as the monarch came;
Unquenched by showers, the forest ceased to flame;
The trees glowed brighter with their fruits of gold,
The lion slew not, and the fawn was bold.

Now o'er the woods the shades of evening fell :
The herd of boars forsook the marshy dell ;
His leafy home the weary peacock eyed ;
And trooping deer to grassy coverts hied.
Then, faint with watching for her lord, the dame
Forth from the hermitage, to meet him, came,
And feasted on his face with eyes that ne'er
Could quench their growing thirst with gazing there.
In fairest beauty stood the Cow between
The splendid monarch and the gentle queen ;
As the soft glory of the evening's light
With purest lustre parts the day and night.
With reverent steps, the lady round her passed,
And from a bowl parched grain in worship cast ;
Then paid due honours to her spacious brow,—
That door to lead the lady to her vow.
Though yearning for her young, the Cow stood still,
Delighted with the worship, while a thrill
Of hopeful joy ran through each royal breast :
Such marks of favour show their vow is blest.
The King, with hands whose might no foe could meet,
Gently embraced his ancient Teacher's feet,
Performed the evening rites, and turned to pay
The holy Cow fresh homage where she lay.
His thoughtful care her every want supplied ;
He placed a lamp and fodder by her side,
And, when she lay upon her grassy bed,
He on his lady's breast reposed his head.
When the Cow slept, he bade his eyelids close ;
When she had risen, from his couch arose ;

Thus toiling still, upon his vow intent,
Thrice seven long days the anxious monarch spent.

There was a grass-hid cavern, dark and deep,
Where Ganga thunders down Himálaya's steep :
The Cow had entered ; but her guardian still
Looked, lost in wonder, on the glorious hill,
Nor feared for her : no beast would dare to spring,
Even in thought, on so divine a thing.

Suddenly, lurking in the cavern's shade,
A lion seized her ; and her cries for aid
Drew the King's wondering eyes. With grief and awe,
The monster standing o'er the Cow he saw ;
Like a red Lodhra tree whose limbs surround
The ore-rich summit of a lofty mound.

He seized an arrow, and his bright nails shed
O'er its white feathers gleams of rosy red. •
Why doth he linger ? What resistless charm
Checks his bold hand, and binds his eager arm ?
He stood as in a picture ; and his bow
Availed him nothing, though so near the foe.
High rose his fury : but he raged in vain ;
Like a mad snake that magic herbs restrain.

A greater marvel, when, with voice of man,
The lion, holding still his prey, began :
“ Cease to contend. Thine arrow, launched at me,
Though erring never, now in vain would be.
The tree may fall beneath the tempest's force ;
But the firm-rooted hill resists its course.

For know, the servant of the Lord Most High
 Who wears at will eight various forms,¹ am I ;
 And, when his dusky Bull he deigns to ride,
 He sets his foot upon my honoured side.
 Look yonder, King. Before thee stands a Pine,
 Loved like a daughter by my Lord divine :
 In its first youth 't was gentle Uma's joy
 To nurse it, even as she nursed her boy ;
 And, when an elephant once hurt her tree,
 She mourned for it, as she would mourn to see
 Her own young War-God wounded by the bows
 Of Heaven's fierce enemies, his demon foes.
 Since then, obedient to my Lord's command,
 In lion's form, to guard this tree, I stand,
 To scare wild elephants, and feed on deer
 That, tempted by the herbage, wander near.
 Now, sweet as to the Gods' tremendous foe²
 The streams of Amrit from the Moon that flow,
 In her appointed hour, my destined prey,
 This Cow has come to be my feast to-day.
 Return, O King, return. The Saint can claim
 No further duty from thee. Feel no shame :
 For loss of treasures that no might can save
 Stains not the glory of the good and brave."
 The King no more his humbled power disdained ;
 For Siva's might, he knew, his arm restrained,

¹ These eight forms are earth, water, fire, air, ether, the sun, the moon, and the offerer of the Soma-juice.

² The fiend Ráhu, who causes eclipses by attempting to swallow the sun and the moon.

His conquering arm : for ne'er had mortal foe
Stayed the fierce tempest of his vengeful bow ;
And even Indra, with hand raised high,
To launch his bolt, was checked by Siva's eye.
" Foolish," he said, " my words may seem to be
Yet will I speak ; for minds are known to thee.
That God is ever by my soul adored,
Maker, Preserver, and Destroying Lord :
But how can I, unblamed, my charge neglect,—
This helpless creature whom the saints respect?
Hear, King of Beasts, my prayer, and, if thou wilt,
Feed on my blood, but let not her's be spilt.
Her calf will mourn her at the hour of eve :
Then take my life ; the Cow uninjured leave."
The lion, with a smile, his answer gave,
His bright teeth flashing through the murky cave :
" Ay, mad I deem thee, monarch, to resign
Thy youth, thy life, and that fair form of thine,
And universal empire ;—these to give,
All these for ever, that a cow may live.
Dost thou love creatures? While thy death, O King,
To this one cow a longer life will bring,
Blest by thy reign a thousand homes would be ;
For all thy people look to only thee.
Live, and be happy. Power and might bestow
Joy like a God's and make a Heaven below.
But, if thou tremblest at thy master's ire,
And fearest anger that consumes like fire,
Instead of her, ten thousand others give,
With teeming udders, that thy soul may live."

The lion ceased. The mountain's hollow side
Echoed his counsel ere the Prince replied:
"What ! shall a King forsake—unkingly deed—
The helpless suppliant in her hour of need ?
Shall I disgrace a monarch's proudest name,
And barter glory for a life of shame ?
How can the gift of other cows assuage
The just resentment of the holy Sage ?
For she is daughter of a race divine,
Subdued by Siva's power, and not by thine.
Then for her life let mine a ransom be :
Feed on my flesh ; but let the Cow go free.
Still, King of Beasts, thy hunger will be stayed,
Still will the Saint enjoy her holy aid :
And thou, another's thrall, dost surely know—
E'en as thy care of this young pine may show—
That servants heedless of their duty must
Bow down their heads in shame for broken trust.
Then, oh, have mercy, and mine honour spare !
A hero's body claims no hero's care.
Have we not parleyed in the wood to-day ?
And friendship springs from parley, sages say.
Again I pray thee, thrall of Siva, take
This my one offer, for our friendship's sake."
The lion yielded ; and Dilipa cast
His arms upon the earth : the spell at last
Had left him free : then, fixing on the ground
His calm eyes, waited for the monster's bound.
But suddenly there came a rain of flowers
Poured down upon him by the Heavenly Powers,

And, sweet as Amrit, came a voice that said
"Arise, dear son !" He raised, in joy, his head,
And saw no lion, but that Cow, as mild
As a fond mother bending o'er her child.
"Now have I proved thy love," she cried, "dear son
That lion was a phantom : thou hast done
Thy duty nobly ; for thou didst not know
That Death himself can never work me woe.
Now choose a boon ; for I have boundless power
On those I love all precious gifts to shower."
He raised his hands,—those warlike hands whose might
Had won a hero's fame in many a fight,
And begged a son, to propagate his line,—
A son, whose glory should for ever shine.
"Thy prayer is granted," said the Cow ; "but drain
My milky store, and drink, thy wish to gain."
"Nay, when that store has fed thy calf," he cried,
"And all that's needed for the rites supplied,
Then, at the Saint's command, I'll drink the rest,
And deem the draught among all draughts the best."
Pleased with his words, nor with her wanderings faint,
She turned, and reached the dwelling of the Saint.
To him Dilipa, with o'erflowing heart,
The joyful tidings hastened to impart ;
And, though the Queen had read his looks aright,
He told her all again with new delight.
Then, at the bidding of the Saint, he quaffed
Of Nandini's pure milk a precious draught,
As though, with thirst that rises from the soul,
He drank eternal glory from the bowl.

With many a blessing, at the dawn of day
The guests were sped upon their homeward way,
After due honour to the holy flame,
To old Vasishtha, and his gentle dame.
Swift towards their home the eager horses bound ;
The car makes music o'er the grassy ground :
They reach the city, where the people wait,
Longing to meet their monarch, at the gate.
Dim are his eyes, his cheek is pale, his brow
Still bears deep traces of his weary vow.
As on the pale new moon we bend our eyes,
Again appearing in the evening skies,
So gazed the crowds, and could not gaze their fill,
On him so worn, so thin, so lovely still.
With loud acclaim their honoured King they greet,
While flags by thousands wave in every street.
He comes, he comes! Now will his arm again
The mighty burthen of the world sustain,
Strong as the King of Serpents that upholds¹
Earth resting firmly on his endless folds.
Not mine to tell how hopeful months flew by,
While day by day Dilipa's joy grew high.
No tongue may say how lovely flowers of earth
At nature's bidding gently spring to birth.
Blest was the hour, and all the world was gay,
When the sweet infant saw the light of day :
A rosy glow suffused the brightening sky ;
A pleasant breeze came breathing softly by ;

¹ Vāsuki.

High in the heavens five brilliant planets shone,
Blessing the child they looked so kindly on ;
And joyful Nature promised endless bliss ;
For the world triumphs in a babe like this.
There was a glory round the infant's head,
That poured strange lustre o'er his mother's bed ;
And e'en the unlit torches seemed to shine,
As in a picture, with that light divine.
What worthy guerdon shall the maiden claim
Who hailed Dilipa by a father's name ?
Save but the royal emblems, she may take
All he possesses, for her tidings' sake.
He fed upon the infant's face with eyes
Still as a lotus when no winds arise ;
Nor could he, gazing on his child, control
The tide of rapture that o'erflowed his soul ;
As Ocean ne'er can check his billows' swell,¹
When shines the full moon whom he loves so well.
Though bright the jewel in the parent hill,
The workman's art adds lustre brighter still.
Fair was that child ; but, when all rites were done,
Still greater glory clothed Dilipa's son.
Through the wide palace of the joyful King
Fair girls are dancing, song and music ring ;
While, in the skies, the Gods the rapture share,
And the glad music sounds in concert there.

¹ At the *Churning of the Ocean*, told in the *Mahábhárata* (see *Specimens of Old Indian Poetry*), the moon, with other buried treasures, was recovered from the sea. and is, therefore, regarded, by him, with parental love.

No captive wept within the King's domains,
For that auspicious day had loosed his chains :
Freed is he only,—doomed no more to pine
' Neath the great debt he owed his fathers' line.
Like some young God's that baby's face was fair ;
And happy as the Gods, that mortal pair.
Sachi and Indra, in their home above,
Were not more blest in their Jayanta's love ;
Not Uma, when her new-born darling smiled ;
Not Siva, joying in his warrior-child.
True as the Love-birds, in whose faithful breast,
Save of their partner, not a thought can rest,
Thus had they lived ; and now this infant came
To share their love, and yet increase the flame.
What joy thrilled through him, when the father heard
His dear boy lisping forth his earliest word,
And saw him, clinging to the nurse's hand,
Salute his sire, and, trembling, try to stand !
And, when he held his baby to his breast,
And loving kisses on his lips impressed,
He learnt, at length, that inexpressive joy
None but a father knows who clasps his own dear boy.
Now time flew by. He wore the sacred cord ;¹
And holy men his mind with wisdom stored ;
Till, as the Sun-God, in his car on high,
Urges his storm-fleet coursers through the sky,

¹ Investiture with the sacred cord, which is the outward sign of regeneration, is a most important ceremony in the life of young Hindus of the first, second, and third classes, who are, hence, called *Twice-born*.

He passed triumphant through the four-fold lore,¹
 That mighty sea, from shore to distant shore.
 In early manhood's prime, his father's care
 Gained him the hands of maidens young and fair,—
 Then fairer far than ever, each dear grace
 Stealing new beauty from their lover's face;
 Like Daksha's daughters,² whom the Lord of Night
 Dowers with a portion of his own sweet light.
 Soon as Dilipa saw his heir was fit,
 In sense and learning, by his side to sit,
 He made him partner of his royal throne,
 And shared the weight he long had borne alone.
 As Beauty seeks the opening lotus-bud,
 And quits the flower that long has decked the flood;
 So Fortune left the father for the son,
 And lived his consort by his virtues won.
 Who can resist the conquering flame's career,
 Whirled by the Wind, his eager charioteer?
 Check the wild elephant with maddened eye,
 Or the Sun's glory in a cloudless sky?
 And where the monarch that will dare to fight,
 When such a son assists his father's might?
 In glory thus Dilipa's days flew by,
 Till, longing only for his home on high,
 Mindful of duties by the Scriptures taught,
 From worldly cares he drew his every thought,

¹ Metaphysics, scripture, useful arts, and polity.

² Daksha had sixty daughters, of whom twenty-seven are the nymphs who form the lunar asterisms, and are the wives of the Moon.

**Resigned the white umbrella to his heir,
And all the signs of sovereign rule to bear;
Then sought a tranquil dwelling, with his Queen,
Where Hermits live beneath their leafy screen:
For such, through ages, in their life's decline,
Is the good custom of the Sun-born line.**

RAGHU.¹

Watched by young nobles, in the Prince's charge,
The sacred steeds have safely roamed at large ;
None dared to check their course, where'er they sped,
And nine and ninety now have duly bled.
But Indra, fearing for his shaken throne,
Jealous of rites he ever deemed his own,
Came down in fury from his home, the skies,
Veiling his glorious form from human eyes,
And from the keepers stole away the steed,
Loosed by the Priest, where'er he chose, to feed.
In sad surprise the baffled guardians stood,
But straight, approaching from the neighbouring wood,
The Cow, the holy Cow, to aid them came,
And cheered their bosoms, for they knew her fame.
Quick on his eyes young Raghu, honoured lord,
Her holy milk that streamed to help them, poured ;
And sights not given to the eyes of men
Lay all disclosed before his piercing ken.
He saw the God whose furious bolt of yore
From their rough sides the mountains' pinions tore,
Urging away, away in rapid course,
Tied to his car, the consecrated horse.
He saw 'twas Indra by his coursers' hue,
His thousand eyes that never close, he knew ;

¹ From the *Raghuvansa* Canto III. 38.

Then, with a voice that made the welkin ring,
The fearless youth addressed the heavenly king :
“ Lord of the Gods, men say thou holdest dear
The gifts and sacrifice we offer here.
Then why, O Indra, doth thy soul delight
To check my father in this holy rite ?
Lord of the Worlds, thy fury should oppose
Not kings the friends of worship, but its foes.
For if thou check the offerings of the just,
The holy Law is trampled in the dust.
Then listen, Indra, and release the steed
My father destines in the rite to bleed :
For holy guides, who show the righteous way,
From virtue's path themselves will never stray.”
His fearless words fill Indra with surprise ;
He turns his chariot back, and thus replies :—
“ True are thy words, O royal youth, but know
That Glory's lovers guard it from the foe :
And by this rite thy father seeks to shine
In dazzling splendour that shall dim e'en mine.
As one Chief Spirit, Vishnu is adored,
And Siva worshipt as the one Great Lord ;
So in this honour none with me may vie :
Lord of the hundred Slaughtered Steeds am I.
Therefore this courser that should bleed to-day,
Like ancient Kapil will I drive away.
Then cease thy labour, be not over-bold,
Nor share the fate of Sagar's sons of old !”
Then cried the Prince, unconscious he of fear :
“ Prepare for battle if thou wilt not hear !

Low on this plain must vanquished Raghu bleed
Ere thou in triumph bear away the 'steed.'
He spoke : an arrow from his side he took,
While fair as Siva's was the hero's look.
Straight to the mark the golden arrow sped,
And fixed in Indra's heart its glittering head.
The wounded God his bow in anger bent,
Bright as that arch that spans the firmament.
Through Raghu's bosom pierced the vengeful shaft
And drank of human blood its first sweet draught
For in the furious battles waged before
Its thirst was quenched with hideous demons' gore.
Again the hero youth his bowstring drew,
Swift to the mark again his arrow flew,
To Indra's arm, which blows upon the brow
Of his huge elephant had hardened, now
Still glittering with the remnant of the dyes
That glowed in beauty over Sachi's eyes.
A second, feathered from the peacock's wing,
Laid low the banner of the heavenly king,
Who raged as though the foeman's hand had torn
The shining locks that Fortune's head adorn.
Furious and fast the battle waged, and through
The air, like winged snakes, their arrows flew,
Hissing from side to side ; while, standing near,
Both Gods and men beheld that sight of fear.
Though Indra sent his arrows forth like rain,
Still on that wondrous youth they beat in vain :
Not all the streams the labouring cloud can fling
Will dim the glory of the lightning's wing.

A shaft, with crescent head, from Raghu's bow
Severed the string of his celestial foe,
That parted with a sound like ocean's roar
When his waves dash upon a rocky shore.
Aside, in rage, the useless bow he threw,
Then from his hand his bolt of terror flew :
That flaming bolt that tamed the mountains' pride,
And rent the pinion from each rugged side.
Fiercely it smote, and from the eyes of all
Fell bitter tears to see their hero fall ;
But in a moment rose triumphant cries,
As, shaking off the pain, they saw him rise.
His dauntless spirit Indra saw with joy,
And loved the valour of the royal boy.
" Cease, cease !" he cried, " Well-pleased am I to see
The bolt that conquered mountains braved by thee.
No longer flight, but, for thy valour's meed,
Ask any boon thou wilt except the steed."
With gentle words the royal youth replied,
The half-drawn shaft replacing by his side ;
While the long gilded reed one moment threw
O'er the young archer's hand a glittering hue :
" If, King of Gods, it be thy changeless will
To slight my prayer, and keep the courser still ;
Yet let my father through thy favour gain
All he might hope for if the steed were slain.
And, since each rite has now been duly done,
Grant that the meed of all his toil be won.
And, royal Indra, grant again this prayer,
And let thy herald to my father bear

The joyful tidings, for no man within
His private halls may entrance lightly win.”
His willing promise Indra gave, and then
Turned his fleet horses to the east again.
And Raghu bent, unconquered, not elate,
His steps in silence to the city gate.
Dilipa welcomed, with a father’s pride,
Forewarned of all, the hero to his side ;
And pressed, with fingers trembling with delight,
Those limbs the thunder-bolt had marked in flight.
Thus then the mighty King, ere life’s decline,
Performed his glorious ninety rites and nine ;
And, ever longing for his rest on high,
Reared a proud ladder up from earth to sky.
Mindful of duties by the Scriptures taught,
From worldly cares he drew his every thought ;
Resigned the white umbrella to his heir,
And all the signs of sovereign rule, to wear.
Then sought a tranquil dwelling with his Queen,
Where Hermits live beneath their leafy screen ;
For such, through áges, in their years’ decline,
Is the good custom of Ikshwaku’s line.

RAGHU'S CAMPAIGN.¹

Crowned with the glory of his aged sire
Now shone King Raghu, like the burning fire
That glows at evening with a brighter ray
Caught from the splendour of the dying day.
All neighbouring Chiefs were jealous of his fame ;
Their breasts no longer checked the stifled flame ;
The while his people, with their hearts elate,
Joyed in their monarch and his royal state,
As though they looked on Indra's flag unfurled
To scatter blessings o'er a grateful world.
In one short day the hero made his own
Both his foes' kingdoms, and his father's throne.
Fortune herself, sweet Goddess, all unseen,
Held o'er his sacred head her lotus screen,
And Poesy in minstrels' form stood by,
Swept the wild strings, and raised his triumph high.
What though the earth, since ancient Manu's reign,
Was wooed by every king, nor wooed in vain ;
She came a bride, with fresh unrifled charms,
A pure young virgin, to her Raghu's arms.
Gentle yet firm, he won each heart and mind,
Like the calm breathing of the soft south wind.
None wept the father when he saw the heir :
Who mourns the blossom when the fruit is fair ?

¹ From the *Raghuvansā*, Canto IV.

The holy men who virtue's lessons taught,
In his pure life their best example sought,
That showed his people what to seek or shun ;
All his deeds, virtue,—vice, all left undone.
A new creation rose beneath his sway ;
Each sense was keener, and all nature gay.
The moon is worshipped for his gentle gleam,
The God of Day, for his bright fostering beam ;
And equal glory well might Raghu claim,—
All virtues his that gild a monarch's name.
Though keen the vision of his long bright eyes,
He gained a clearer sight from lore that lies
Wrapt in the holy volume, where the sage
Has stored the wisdom of laborious age.
Firm was the Prince upon his father's seat
When autumn came with kingly glory sweet ;
A rich red lotus screened his royal head,—
For banners, flowery grass its tufts outspread.
Fair is that Autumn-God, but all confess
That fairer still is Raghu's loveliness.
O'er the wide earth, down Heaven's unclouded way,
Flash forth the glories of the Lord of Day ;
With speed scarce slower, glory scarce less bright,
From land to land flew Raghu's conquering might.
His shining bow aside has Indra thrown ;
And Raghu grasps, for glorious war, his own ;
For each in turn triumphant bends his bow,
One in the Heavens above, and one below.
Dear as the broad moon in the autumn skies
Was his loved presence to his people's eyes,

Who saw his glory in the planets shine,
And traced his splendour in the jubilant line
Of white swans in their airy flight o'erhead,
And sparkling lakes where lotuses are spread ;
While maidens in the shadowing sugarcane
Raised high, to hymn their Lord, the joyous strain,
Watching the crop the while, and loved to praise
His manly virtues e'en from childhood's days.
Calm grew the Ocean when Agastya rose ;
The name of Raghu awed his trembling foes ;
For maddened bulls, that rend the river's side,
With his most gentle might but feebly vied.
His elephants that smelt the tainted breeze,
And rival odours of the Seven-leaf trees,
Provoked to fury by the daring flowers
Poured their own nectar forth in seven-fold showers.
Scarce was he ready for the sword and shield
When autumn called him to the battle-field,—
War's proper season, when the Rains are o'er,
When roads are dry, and torrents foam no more.
Soon as the day to bless the chargers came,
The warrior's holy festival, the flame
Turned to the right, and with a ruddy hand
Gave him full triumph o'er each distant land.
Then when his kingdom was secured, and all
His city fortified with tower and wall,
His hosts he marshalled, his broad flag outspread,
And to subdue the world his army led,
Forth as he rode, the city matrons poured
The sacred grain upon their mighty lord,

Thick as the drops on Vishnu's brow that fell
When Mandara made the milky Ocean swell.
First to the East the hero takes his way,
His foemen trembling as his banners play.
Thick clouds of dust beneath his chariots rise,
Till dark as earth appear the changing skies;
While elephants, like autumn clouds in girth,
Make like to rainy skies the labouring earth.
Parted in four that mighty host appears :
In front, the gleaming of ten thousand spears ;
Next come the tumult and the din, and then
The cars and horse, the elephants and men.
He marked his progress with a mighty hand ;
The fountain gushed amid the thirsty sand ;
The tangled forest harboured beasts no more,
And foaming floods the freighted vessel bore.
He led his army toward the Eastern Sea,
An endless stream of men, and seemed to be
A new Bhagirath, ancient Sage, who led
The wandering Ganga down from Siva's head.
As strews some elephant, in headlong wrath,
With many a tree upturn, his forest path,
He marked with plundered wealth his onward way,
And humbled princes owned the conqueror's sway.
Through all the East he passed, from land to land,
And reached, triumphant, Ocean's palmy strand.
Like an unsparing torrent on he went,
And low, like reeds, the lords of Suhma bent.
Then fell the islets washed by Ganga's wave,
Nor could their ships the hosts of Banga save ;

Like rice they bowed them, and, again restored,
Before his feet rich fruit for tribute poured.
Nor could thy waters, Kapisa, delay
The King who bridged with elephants his way.
Thence to Kalinga's realm the victor rode ;
His onward path the chiefs of Utkal showed. .
As fierce wild elephants are forced to kneel
Bending obedient to the driver's steel,
Mahendra's towering brow and haughty crest
The mighty victor's awful strength confessed.
Kalinga's chieftain with his warlike train
Stood like an ancient hill prepared to rain
Thick stones on Indra pressing on to smite
From his rough sides the wings that helped his flight,
Undaunted Raghu bore the arrowy shower
Like holy water in auspicious hour,
And, when proud victory his arms had crowned,
His men with betel leaves adorned the ground,
And lay at ease triumphant, drinking up
Their foemen's glory in the brimming cup.
The Chief was captive of his sword and bow,
But Raghu's mercy bade him freely go ;
No wealth he sought, but warred in honour's name,
So spared his land but spoiled his warlike fame.
Careless of conquest, o'er the palmy strand
He led his army to Agastya's land.
His soldiers resting by Kaveri's wave
The night to love and mirth and feasting gave,
While the fair river sought the jealous sea
Stained like a partner of their revelry.

Now, bent on triumph, with his chosen train
He seized near Malaya's feet the spacious plain
Where round the spicy trees doves ever fly.
Here, while his horses gallop swiftly by,
The pollen, shaken from the odorous boughs,
Falls on his elephants' sweet-streaming brows.
Here, in this southern land, though men can bear
The sunbeams striking in their noon-tide glare,
The Pandya princes sank before the sight
Of Raghu coming in his conquering might.
The fairest pearls that lay beneath the wave
Where Tamraparni meets the sea, they gave,
As 'twere their own beloved glory stored,
To give new honour to their sovereign lord.
On two fair hills, the country's lovely breasts,
Scented with sandal-wood, his army rests,
Then reaches Sahya's chain whose naked side
Boasts not the garment of the veiling tide.
The dames of Kerala in wild alarm
Cast off their earrings and each borrowed charm,
And on their tresses, once with sandal sweet,
Lay the dust flying 'neath the soldiers' feet.
Refreshing breezes from the woody shore
Of Murala came gently, breathing o'er
The march-worn hero's weary limbs, and lent
Sweet perfume for his arms, the jasmine's scent.
Loud was the rustling of the Betel trees,
Stirred to quick motion by the morning breeze,
But louder, as the war-steeds paced along,
Rattled the harness of the mail-clad throng.

Trikuta's mountain, with his triple crest,
Showed lasting tokens of his might imprest.
The hero's elephants his sides had rent,
And left him a triumphal monument.
By knowledge of the Truth, the holy sage
Controls his foes, the senses, and their rage;
True to the Law thus Raghu marched by land
To Parasika with his conquering band.
He saw, indignant, to the lotus eyes
Of Yavan dames the wine-cup's frenzy rise,
Angry as when some early cloud looks down
On opening lotuses with jealous frown.
Mad was the onset of the western horse,
And wild the fury of the conqueror's force;
No warrior saw—so thick the dust—his foe,
But marked him by the twanging of his bow.
Then Raghu's archers shot their keen shafts well;
The bearded head of many a soldier fell,
And covered closely all the battle-ground
Like heaps of honey that the bees surround.
The rest, dismayed, aside their helmet threw,
And gained the grace for which they bent to sue;
For the fierce anger that the mighty feel
Turns to soft pity when the suppliants kneel.
Stretched on the grass, with costly skins outspread,
Where leafy vines their branches laced o'erhead,
The weary victors at the close of day
Chased with the goblet all their cares away.
Then to the north he led his conquering train
Where proud Kuvera rules his rich domain;

Pierce as the thirsty sun that drinks the flood,
He with his shafts will drain his foemen's blood.
Then bathed his weary steeds in Sindhu's tide
The crest all dropping and the foam-flecked side,
Then stamped in joy, and from their shoulders flung
The chains of golden flowers that round them hung.
Pale grew the cheek of every Huna dame,
Trembling in wild alarm at Raghu's name,
Had she not seen her warrior husband yield
To the young conqueror on the fatal field ?
Before his might Kamboja's chieftains fled,
And bent in humble fear the suppliant head ;
By him subdued, they forced their pride to bring
Coursers and gold as gifts to Kosal's King.
Borne by those steeds he climbed Himalaya's hill,
Whose crest now clothed with dust rose loftier still.
He told his warriors how the lions, brave
E'en as themselves, couched in the mountain cave,
Feared not the din as all the host went by,
But gazed unmoving, with untroubled eye.
Cold on his head the mountain breezes blew,
Shaking the birches as they whistled through ;
Waking the reeds to song, and on their wings
Wafting cool drops from Ganga's distant springs.
His soldiers rested 'neath the leafy screen,
Lying on mossy rocks, where deer had been
And left them sweet with musk. For him by night
Herbs, nature's torches, poured their trembling light,
Casting their radiance on the chains that tied
His weary elephants their trees beside.

How woodmen marvelled when they saw the mark
Left by those chains upon the pine-tree's bark !
Fierce was the battle with the mountaineers
Armed with their bows and arrows, stones and spears,
The thick sparks flying as they met. Then ceased,
Slain by his arrows, from the mirth and feast
The mountain revellers, and minstrel bands,
That walked as demi-gods those lofty lands,
Were taught the hero's victories to sing,
And each hill-tribe brought tribute to the King ;
And thus young Raghu's might Himalaya knew,
And bared his treasures to the conqueror's view.
Down from the mountain-top the hero came,
Leaving its crest crowned with immortal fame,
Neglected Kailas mourning his disgrace,
Uptorn by Ravan from his ancient base.
As o'er Lauhitya's flood the army poured,
Trembled in wild alarm Pragjotis' lord ;
E'en as his saplings shook, too weak to bear
The chains of elephants assembled there.
The dust that flew before the victor's car
Frightened the monarch as it rose afar ;
The sun grew dark and gloomy, and on high
A tempest gathered in the rainless sky.
He saw and yielded : Raghu's power confessed,
And gave his youthful conqueror the best
Of Kamarupa's elephants, whose might
Had vanquished neighbouring kings in many a fight.
Thus when all princes owned the conqueror's sway,
He turned his chariot on his homeward way,

Letting the dust, beneath his wheels that rose,
Fall on the diadems of humbled foes.
Then in that solemn sacrifice, ordained
For boundless triumph o'er the nations gained,
He shared among the Priests his treasured store ;
For righteous men are like the clouds that pour
The borrowed waters down in gentle rain,
And gather tribute but to give again.
The rite was ended, and the royal chief
Gave worthy honours to assuage the grief
Of those who mourned the fallen. To the brave,
Victorious warriors of his host he gave
Long leave, and bade them to their homes repair,
And soothe the longing dames left pining there.
Before his royal feet, well marked with lines
That told of conquest, and all happy signs,
The joyful soldiers bowed them ere they went,
Staining them yellow, as their heads they bent,
With fragrant dust and honey falling down
From the fair blossoms in each soldier's crown.

AJA¹

“WAKE, Aja, wake! the night is fled:
Come, rouse thee while the morn is red.
Remember, the decrees of fate
Divide the world's tremendous weight :
One half thy father wakes to bear ;
Then rouse thee, and support thy share.
The Moon, now fading fast away,²
Has lost the splendour of his ray,—
That silver light that made him shine
With loveliness so like to thine,
That, in the night but newly past,
When chains of slumber held thee fast,
His charms won Beauty's self to be
Forgetful of her love of thee.
Awake, and let thy friends compare
Two lovely sights, exceeding fair:
That dark eye, where the pupil bright
Is dancing in its depth of light,
And the fresh lotus, where the wing
Of the wild bee is quivering.
The morning breeze is up, and now
Is stealing blossoms from the bough,

¹ The story of Aja, as here translated, is taken from the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth cantos of the *Raghuvansā*.

² It must be remembered that, in India, the moon is a God.

And rifling every lily, where
He finds one opening to the air.
But all in vain : the breeze may steal
The rarest sweets that flowers conceal :
All herbs that grow can ne'er combine
To make his breath as sweet as thine.
No purer pearls could ever gem
A royal lady's diadem,
Than those bright drops of beaded dew
That shine in buds of crimson hue :
But yet their gleams can ne'er eclipse
The smiles that play upon thy lips,
Whene'er, those coral lines between,
Thy brighter pearls of teeth are seen.
Before the Sun sends forth his might,
The herald Dawn dispels the night :
So, when, the bravest of thy race,
Thou fightest in the foremost place,
Thy father need not grasp the brand,
With foemen's blood to stain his hand.
Thine elephants are gone to take
Their wonted pastime in the lake ;
And, as the flush of morn is shed
Upon each monster's mighty head,
Bright gleam their tusks like ribs of gold
That riven sides of mountains hold.
Roused from his sleep, full many a steed
Of perfect form and noble breed,
In thy vast stalls, O lotus-eyed,
Where rest thy coursers side by side,

Has bent his stately neck to taste
The golden grain before him placed.
Thy wreath of flowers has died away,
The torches' light is lost in day,
And now thy parrot sweetly tries
To sing our song that bids thee rise."
Quick from his couch the son of Raghu sprang,
Wooed from his slumber as the minstrels sang;
Thus the celestial elephant, at rest
In his fair island home on Ganga's breast,
Springs up, when wild swans, thronging round, rejoice
With all the sweet full music of their voice.
He sought the plain where youthful lords, arrayed,
Waited the coming of the royal maid
To choose the flower 'mid chiefs of many a land,¹
And make him happy with her heart and hand.
There, upon glorious thrones of royal state,
In shining robes the rival princes sate,
In all the splendour of their proud array,
Peers of the Gods, and beautiful as they.
But Aja came, like Love divinely fair,
And struck those eager hearts with wild despair.
A shadow fell on every youthful brow,
And dimmed the eyes that beamed with hope but now.
As some young lion o'er his rocky road
Climbs to the mountain top, so Aja strode
Majestic to his throne, a wondrous seat
Bright with rich gems, and gold beneath his feet.

¹ The *Swayamvara*, or choice of a husband of her own rank, was one of the privileges of an Indian princess.

Such was the glory of the royal throng,
No eye could gaze upon the beauty long—
Beauty divided, like the lightning's flame,
Flashing through many a cloud, yet still the same.
All there were bright and beautiful; but one
Was fairer than the fairest—Raghu's son.
Though all the trees of Heaven are heavenly fair,
There's one most bright, there's one most glorious there.
Now clear-voiced heralds in the midst proclaim
Each Prince's title and ancestral fame;
These from the Sun derive their ancient race;
Those from the Moon their rival lineage trace.
From burning aloes rose a fragrant cloud
High o'er the banners, as they waved; and loud
Sounded the music of the drum and shell,
Till, at the voice that mocked the thunder's swell,
The peacocks, glittering on the garden wall,
Danced in wild glee, obedient to the call.
High on her car, apparelled as a bride,
The maiden came, while wondering thousands eyed
Her peerless beauty, and each spirit flew
Forward to meet her, as she came in view.
As each fair tree, in lovely spring, is drest
In buds and blossoms different from the rest,
Among those Princes various gestures told
The one sweet spirit that each breast controlled.
One with quick fingers twirled a lotus round,
Dropping the fragrant pollen on the ground;
And, as the bees came near, the baffled thieves
Were driven backward by the whirling leaves.

One turned his head aside with careless grace,
 His wreath, his fallen garland, to replace.
 Another chieftain on his elbow leant,
 And snapped his flowery garland, as he bent
 In eager talk. Near him an amorous boy,
 With fingers wont with laughing girls to toy,
 Tore the white jasmine bud that graced his ear
 To gain her notice, as the maid came near.
 Another's finger, bright with many a gem,
 Feigned to replace his firm-set diadem.

Sunanda, keeper of her palace door,
 Led the fair maiden on, and stood before
 A royal suitor, and his praise began
 In fluent language that had graced a man :
 " See the brave Lord of Magadh's wide domain,¹
 Whose aid the wretched seek, and ne'er in vain.
 Safe in his rule his subjects find repose,
 And hail him victor of unnumbered foes.
 A thousand Princes royal rank may claim ;
 His, and his only, is the Sovereign's name.
 Stars, constellations, planets, gem the night ;
 But 't is the moon that sheds the grateful light.
 Come, if this noble monarch be thy choice,
 Enter in state his city, and rejoice
 The dames of Pushpapura,² who will eye
 Thy form with rapture, as thy car moves by."

¹ Magadha is South Behar.

² Literally, the city of flowers: Pátaliputra, or Palibothra, now represented by a village near Patna.

She spake. The maid her flowery wreath replaced,
Fallen, as she stooped to listen, to her waist ;
And, as a ripple, by the breezes stirred,
Wafts over Manas lake the silvery bird
To some fresh lotus, guided by the dame,
Before the second chief the lady came.

“ Look, my sweet Princess, look on Anga’s Lord
A lovely youth by Heavenly Maids adored ;
A mighty chief, whose elephants were tamed
By skilful hunters for their science famed.
More glorious he than Kings of mortal birth,
He reigns like Indra’s¹ self, a God on earth.
In battle with his foes, the conqueror threw
On their wives’ breasts a necklace strange and new,
When the big tear-drops on their bosoms hung,
A row of pearls most lovely, but unstrung.
Beauty and Wisdom, each a Goddess fair,
Dwell with him ever. Come, my Princess, share
With them the glory of his love, and be
The sweetest, fairest Goddess of the three.”

Ah ! woman’s fancy man nor God can tell.
She knew his worth, and he deserved her well ;
But yet she turned, impatient of delay,
And bade her handmaid guide her onward way.
On through the crowd again Sunanda pressed,
And praised a chieftain towering o’er the rest,
Bright as the Moon that lights the cloudless sky,
But full of terror for a foeman’s eye :

¹ The Jupiter of the Hindus.

“ Look on Avanti’s Lord : his arms are long,
He ’s tall, broad-chested, graceful, young and strong ;
The dust of war beneath his car that springs
Dims the crest-jewels of all neighbouring Kings.
So near his home to Mahakala’s shrine,
Where Siva’s crest pours down its light divine,
That, though to us the Moon be dark or dim,
There’s ever moonlight for his loves and him.
Were it not pleasant, fairest maid, to rove
With thy young hero through the tangled grove,
Where lucid Sipra murmurs softly by,
And leads new freshness to the breeze’s sigh ?”
She turned impatient from the Prince away,
As turns the lily from the God of Day.
The dame then led her to Anupa’s King,
And thus again addressed the loveliest thing
That God had e’er created,—fair of hue
As a young lotus scarce disclosed to view :
“ There lived of old a pious monarch : fame
Still loves to honour Kartavirya’s name.
A thousand arms increased the hero’s might,
And made him matchless when he rode to fight.
Through all the world the mighty King was feared ;
And every region saw his altars reared.
So stern his rule, his very look repressed
All thoughts of crime within the trembling breast.
The King of Lanka knew his prison well,—
There, till the victor softened, forced to dwell ;
Yet was that monster mighty at the bow,
And conquered Indra, though a heavenly foe.

Now see Pratipa, of this noble race,
 Rich in all loveliness of mind and face.
 They say that Beauty is a wanton Queen,
 In forms defiled with vice not seldom seen ;
 But, in Pratipa, Beauty's self has shown
 She knows full well in whom to fix her throne.
 Armed with fierce flames, he scorned the wild attacks
 Of vengeful Rama¹ with his murderous axe,
 And deemed as tender as a lotus leaf
 The steel that slaughtered every Warrior Chief.
 If thou would call his lovely home thine own,
 Girt by the city as a silver zone,
 And from the palace windows see the gleam
 On the bright waves of Reva's rippling stream :
 If such a life of love and bliss have charms,
 Come and be Lakshmi² in thy hero's arms."
 The lover's graceful form, the Chieftain's might,
 Could find no favour in the maiden's sight.
 What cares the Lotus³ though the full Moon shed
 Sweet light in Autumn when the clouds have fled ?
 Then passed they on to Surasena's King,
 Whose praise the Heavenly Minstrels loved to sing ;
 "Of Nipa's ancient lineage," cried the dame,
 "This pious Prince has long been dear to fame.
 Opposing virtues, ceasing to contest,
 Blend in sweet union in his gentle breast ;

¹ Paraśurāma, the first of the three Rāmas, and the sixth Avatar, or descent of the God Vishṇu.

² The Goddess of Beauty and Wealth, and wife of Vishṇu.

³ The more ordinary species of Lotus closes its flowers at night.

As timid deer with harmless tigers dwell
 In the calm precincts of the Hermit's cell.
 His wondrous beauty, in its soft repose,
 A moonlike glory through his palace throws ;
 But, in his wrath, that dazzling splendour falls
 With matchless fury on his foemen's walls.
 Come, choose him for thy husband, and enjoy
 Youth's dearest pleasures with the blooming boy.
 Haste to Vrindavan¹ with thy lord away,
 Fair as the groves that boast Kuvera's ²sway;
 And there, on couches of the softest flowers,
 Spend with thy lover thy delicious hours.
 There, in the Rain-time, on some hillock's crest,
 Cooled by the sweet fresh breezes, shalt thou rest,
 And in Govardhan's³ pleasant caverns see
 The joyous peafowl dancing in their glee."
 She passed him by, another's destined bride ;
 As some fair river rushes by the side
 Of a tall hill that would her course restrain,
 And hastens onward, amorous of the main.
 "Turn, royal lady, turn, and pass not by
 Mahendra's ⁴monarch with a careless eye.
 So near the sea his palace, that between
 His window-bars the mounting waves are seen.

¹ The Arcadia of India, near Mathurá.

² Kuvera is the God of Wealth. His gardens are famed for their beauty.

³ A celebrated hill near Mathurá.

⁴ Mahendra is, apparently, the northern part of the *Ghâts* of the peninsula.

He needs no drum, to wake him, but the roar
Of angry Ocean dashing on the shore.
Go where the palm-trees whisper. By his side
Walk on the margin of the sounding tide.
Winds shall bring flowers from many a spicy isle,
And cool thy forehead, happy Queen, the while."
Dead fell his praises on the Maiden's ear,
The beauty absent that she held more dear.
She turned away; as Fortune scorns to dwell
Where Virtue calls her, if the fates repel.
"Now," cried the matron, "to my words attend,
And on this Prince a look of favour bend.
See, round his shoulders flowery garlands cling,
And dyes of sandal mark the Pandus' King.¹
Like the proud monarch of the Hills, he towers,
Adorned with torrents fed with new-poured showers;
Glorious in beauty, as the Sunbeams throw
O'er peaks and rocky sides a golden glow.
Wed, Princess, wed this chief of noble birth:
His love will make thee like the fruitful earth.
That love the South alone shall share with thee,
Decked with her girdle of the pearly sea.
On Malaya's hill,² at evening, shalt thou lie,
And gales shall cool thee as they wander by.
There shalt thou see the taper betel spread
Its fresh green leaves to shade thy gentle head;

¹ His country is supposed to be represented by the present Tinnevely and part of Madura, in the Madras Presidency.

² A mountain, or mountainous range, answering to the *Western Ghâts* in the Peninsula.

Where creeping elas¹ clasp the sandal round,
 And soft tamala² leaves bestrew the ground.
 Thy dainty form is fair and bright to view;
 His limbs are dark as is the lotus' hue:
 Each shall be lovelier by the other's side,
 Like the cloud-husband and his lightning-bride."
 In vain she spake. The matron's words could find
 No hope of entrance to the maiden's mind;
 The lotus, opening to the God of Day,
 Closes her beauty from the Moon's soft ray.
 Glad was each Chieftain when the maid came nigh,
 But sad and gloomy when she passed him by.
 Thus have I seen the passing torches gleam
 On stately palaces, with transient beam;
 Thus have I seen pass by the cheerful light,
 And leave those domes to shades of deeper night,
 At last the Princess stands by Aja's side,
 While hope and fear his fluttering breast divide.
 She moves no more: that faultless Prince she sees,
 And only he the maiden's eye may please.
 No blooms, no sweets, can tempt the bees away,
 When once they rest upon the mango spray.
 Again the dame addressed the bright-eyed maid,
 Whose looks of love her vanquished soul betrayed:
 "Born, long ago, of old Ikswaku's race,
 Kakutstha's virtues ranked him first in place.

¹ Cardamoms (*Elettaria Cardamomum*).

² The name of a tree bearing black blossoms (*Xanthocymus pictor-
rius*).

Sprung from this sire, rich Kosal's monarchs¹ claim—
 Their proudest boast—to bear his honoured name.
 From this high line the good Dilipa sprung,
 O'er all his race a glorious lustre flung.
 The wanton Wind his boundless sway confessed;
 And, if a gentle maiden sank to rest
 Within the garden's shade, he durst not play
 With her robes rudely, as asleep she lay.
 Now Raghu decks the throne, his worthy heir,
 And rules the kingdom with a father's care.
 But in that rite, that best of rites, ordained
 For boundless empire o'er the nations gained,
 Gone is his wealth from every region sought,
 Gone all the treasures that his conquests brought.
 Known is his glory on the mountain's crest,
 Famous his story far 'neath Ocean's breast:
 The realms below, where mighty Serpents dwell,
 And Heaven above us, know his praises well.
 Fair as Jayanta,² scarcely less divine,
 Aja was born to grace that royal line.
 Now, like a steer that learns the yoke to bear,
 He aids his father in the kingdom's care.
 Come, choose a partner meet for thee in race,
 In youth, in beauty, and in modest grace,
 Famed for all virtues, best of manly mould;
 So shall the gem be married to the gold."
 The matron ceased: the royal maid repressed
 The modest fear that filled her trembling breast.

¹ Kings of what is now Oudh.

² The son of Indra.

Shame kept her silent ; but each quivering limb
Proclaimed the fair-haired maiden's love for him :
Then, with a radiant look of love and joy,
As with a wreath of flowers, she chose the boy.
"On, Princess, on !" the smiling matron cried.
She spoke no word, but angry looked aside.
On Aja's neck the flowery wreath was thrown,
And showed the love her tongue refused to own.
So sweet those flowers upon his shoulders hung,
He thought the Princess in her love had flung
Her twining arms around him. Loud and long
Rang out the rapture of the gathered throng.
All, save the rival Chiefs, assembled there
Thus hailed the meeting of that peerless pair :
"Now see, the lily, loveliest flower of night,
Weds her moon-lover in his cloudless light.
See! Ganga, fairest stream, at length has rest,
And sinks delighted on her Ocean's breast."
On, to the city, where the joyous throng
Make the streets merry with the dance and song
On, through those splendid gates, where colours glow
Mocking the glories of the Heavenly Bow ;
On speeds the pomp, along the royal street,
Banners o'erhead, and flowers beneath their feet.
Careless of all beside, each lady's eye
Must gaze on Aja, as the troop sweeps by.
One dark-eyed beauty would not stay to bind
Her long black tresses, flowing unconfined
Save by her little hand ; her flowery crown
Hanging, neglected and unfastened, down.

One from her maiden tore her foot away,
On which the dye all wet and streaming lay,
And o'er the chamber, rushing in her haste,
Where'er she stepped, a crimson footprint traced.
Another at the window takes her stand,
With one eye dyed, the pencil in her hand.
Here runs an eager dame, and, running, holds
Loose and ungirt her flowing mantle's folds,
While, as she strives to close the parting vest,
Its brightness lends new beauty to her breast.
Another, in her eager speed, has thrown
Down from her waist her golden-buckled zone,
Farther and farther slipping, as she springs,
Till round her little foot at length it clings.
From latticed palaces there beams a light
Of eager faces excellently bright,
Like sweetest lilies : for those dark eyes fling
Quick glances, quivering like the wild bee's wing.
The train swept by : on Aja's form alone
The joyful looks of every dame were thrown.
On his bright face they fed the rapturous gaze,
And only turned to marvel and to praise :
"Surely in vain, had not the Lord of Life
Matched this fair bridegroom and this lovely wife,
Had been his wish to show the world a mould
Of perfect beauty. These, in days of old,
Were the young Love-God and his faithful bride :
For she, remembering the links that tied
Their former lives together, fondly clings
To him alone amid a thousand kings."

Such words of praise, from many a bright-eyed dame,
On Aja's ear with soothing witchery came ;
While to the palace of the king the throng
In proud procession slowly swept along.
There the Priest joined the lover and the maid,
And offerings due to Fire, the Witness, paid.
Brighter and brighter grew that lover's look,
As in his own the maiden's hand he took.
From hand to hand the soft infection stole,
Till each confessed it in the inmost soul.
Fire filled his veins: with joy she trembled ; such
The magic influence of that thrilling touch.
They met, and for a moment love's sweet shame
O'er the blest bridegroom and his darling came :
Eye looked to eye ; but, quivering, as they met,
They dared not trust the rapturous gazing yet.
A pair most lovely ! 'T was a goodly sight,
As round the fire they walked in solemn rite ;
Like Day and starry Midnight, when they meet
In the broad plains at holy Meru's¹ feet.
Then, at the Priest's command, the lady threw
On the pure flame the grain in order due :
The scented smoke upon her shoulders hung,
And round her ears in flowerlike beauty clung.
As o'er the incense the sweet lady stooped
The ear of barley from her tresses drooped,
And ringed her ear with gold : the while her eye
Seemed newly darkened with the jetty dye.

¹ The sacred mountain in the centre of the seven Continents of Hindu Geography.

Then from the altar,*as prescribed of old,
They turned, and rested upon seats of gold,
Where the glad King and all the matron train
Sprinkled them duly with the moistened grain.
He bade his courtiers pay all honour due
To the young Chieftains that had come to woo.
They sought, with words of joy and love, to hide
Their burning rage and disappointed pride,
Gave gifts the monarch's honours to repay,
Then bade their host farewell, and went their way.
But they had leagued them in a treacherous plot,
To wait for Aja in a distant spot ;
Watching the moment when their troops might dare
The tender lady from her lord to tear.
Long time the Princes hate to Raghu bore,
For humbled pride and ravished wealth of yore ;
And now their rage burnt fiercer, when his son
That peerless maiden for his bride had won.
Now as he bears his lovely prize away,
The rival Princes seek his steps to stay.
At Aja's order, near the lady stand
A trusted Chieftain and a chosen band:
He with his host is ready to oppose
The furious onset of that flood of foes ;
As Sone, with all his billows rising high,
Meets mighty Ganga, daughter of the sky.
Well matched, I ween, each pair that fought that day ;
Horseman met horseman in the equal fray ;
Footman on footman dashed with level spear ;
And car was whirled at car in mad career ;

While, rushing wildly, with a shriek and roar,
Opposing elephants their riders bore.
'T was vain to call each Bowman's lineage out
'Mid braying trumpets and the battle's shout;
But every arrow bore inscribed a name,
To tell the wounded chief his foeman's fame.
Earth to her deep foundation quakes and reels
With thundering elephants and rushing wheels
See, see, the dust-cloud, from the horses' feet
Thicker and thicker as the armies meet,
Rises aloft, and, spreading far and wide,
Forms a dark veil, the very sun to hide.
Like fishes drinking in a muddy stream,
Those emblem fishes on the banner seem
Their mouths to open as the breezes blow,
And drink the dust that covers all below.
Veiled by that cloud, the rattling wheels alone
Proclaim the car: the elephant is known
By his bell's tinkling; and the men proclaim,
To show them friends or foes, their leader's name.
Like the red sun, just rising out of night,
So, in those clouds of dust that hid the light,
Glowed the full stream, the crimson tide that ran
From wounded elephant, and horse, and man.
Thick clouds still hovered o'er that ruddy tide,
And swayed, with changing winds, from side to side;
As light smoke, floating when the coals below
Have lost their flame, but still retain their glow
There drooped a chieftain, smitten from afar,
As he sped onward in his flying car;

One moment drooped, then, shaking off the pain,
Rose up, and bade the driver turn again,
And rushed for vengeance on his foe, betrayed
By his bright flag that in the breezes played.
From well-drawn bows an arrowy shower flew :
What though the foemen cleft those shafts in two,
One half flew onward,—with such force they sped,—
And stained with hostile blood each iron head.
The sharp steel rings, by practised fingers cast,
Through many a driver's neck have keenly past ;
But the heads fall not yet ; for vultures tear,
With eager talons, at the dead men's hair.
That noble horseman,¹ when his wounded foe
Sinks down, exhausted 'neath his sturdy blow,
Smites not again upon his drooping crest,
But gives him time, and bids him breathe and rest.
Now, lavish of their lives, mailed warriors clash
Their swords on tusks of elephants: the flash
Startles the monsters, and, in wild affright,
They spout a flood upon the sudden light.
Upon that field of battling thousands, all
Proclaims that Death holds there his festival :
There glows the fruit, full many a severed head ;
With fallen helms, for cups, the board is spread ;
Nor is the red wine wanting, in the flood,
The ceaseless river of the warriors' blood.
A prowling wolf that severed arm has spied,
And, swift with hunger, to the feast has hied.

¹ Remembering the law of Manu, which inculcates mercy in battle :

“Spare him if he sink exhausted, spare him if for life he crave.”

A golden bracelet round the arm is hung ;
Against the clasp he wounds his foaming tongue,
Turns, with an angry howl of pain, away,
And to those vultures leaves the mangled prey.
Here meet two warriors, both their drivers slain,
Forced both to battle and their steeds to rein :
Shafts from each army lay their horses low ;
They seize their maces, and give blow for blow :
The shattered maces fail them ; but they clasp
Each other's body with a foeman's grasp.
Armed all in mail, with quiver and with bow,
Now Aja dashed upon the startled foe.
'T was a fair sight, that noble youth to view,
As from his belt his hand the arrows drew :
Once to his ear the string seemed drawn, and still
Seemed to breed arrows at the archer's will.
Once more their shattered bands the Chiefs unite ;
Once more they charge him with redoubled might.
Where, where is Aja ? Scarcely can the eye
See, through the whelming darts, his banner fly ;
As in the morning, through thick flakes of snow,
Ye scarce can mark the young Sun's rising glow.
Fair as the God of Love, when lovely Spring
Has given his sweetest flowers to grace his King,
The royal Aja, eager for the fight,
Drew his new bow, to try its wondrous might ;
That magic bow,¹ that was, of old, the boast,
The pride, and wonder, of Heaven's minstrel host.

¹ Magic weapons figure largely in Indian battle-pieces.

Suddenly, lo ! as if by sleep opprest,
On their drawn strings the archers' fingers rest
And warriors, drooping 'neath the banner's shade,
Lean on the staff, their failing limbs to aid.
Quick to his lips young Aja moved his shell,
To lips that knew his darling's kisses well ;
Seemed it as though in one triumphant draught
Embodied glory from that shell he quaffed.
His soidiers started at the well-known sound,
And saw him with his prostrate foes around ;
Like the bright moon victorious in the skies,
When the sad lotus drowned in slumber lies.
Then Aja seized a dripping shaft, and o'er
The Princes' banners traced these words in gore :
" Aja has torn your warlike fame away,
But spared your forfeit lives in fight to-day. "
One hand he rests upon his mighty bow,
Then bares his brow, and gives his hair to flow,
And, with the heat-drops pouring down his cheeks,
He hastens to his love, and proudly speaks :
" Look, my own darling, on the conquered foes,
Whose puny force an infant might oppose :
Yet such a force they fondly deemed would be
Enough to tear my lovely bride from me. "
The Prince's face was radiant with delight,
Flushed with the triumph of the glorious fight ;
E'en as a mirror, dimmed by breath, and then
Bright as before, and fair and clear again.
Modest and silent, though her heart beat high,
She gave her maids a signal to reply.

Thus, when the Rain has made the Earth rejoice,
She thanks the kind clouds in the peacock's voice.
He spurned the Chieftains, prostrate as they lay,
And proudly led his faultless bride away ;
Like Victory drest in woman's form most fair,
The dust of battle hanging on her hair.
Now aged Raghu, weary of the weight,
Resigned to Aja all the cares of state ;
And he, obedient, not like Kings who lust
For power and empire, took the sacred trust ;
And Earth with him the holy sprinkling shared
Of purest water for the rite prepared.
Who can resist the favourite of the Sage
Skilled in the lore of Scripture's holy page ?
Who can oppose, when Wind and Fire unite ?
And who contend, when God and Valour fight ?
Proud of their youthful Lord, the people viewed
Their own dear monarch in his son renewed ;
And every man amid that subject host
Made of Prince Aja's love his proudest boast.
None was neglected : of the streams that run
To bear him tribute, Ocean scorns not one.
As bending trees the steady wind obey,
So bent his nobles to his mild, firm sway.
When Raghu sees his son beloved of all
No earthly thought must now his soul enthrall :
For all the monarchs of Dilapa's race,
When blest with worthy sons to fill their place,
Forsaking worldly cares in life's decline,
To them the sceptre and the throne resign,

Assume the garment of the holy Sage,
And spend in thoughts of God their tranquil age.
On Aja's temples shines the royal crown ;
But at his father's feet he throws him down.
" Stay, best of friends," he cries, " dear father, stay
Still let thy presence aid and bless my sway. "
And Raghu listens ; for his loving heart
Still clings to Aja, and is loth to part.
But royal rank he claims not ; as the snake
Cares not again his cast-off skin to take.
A humble cot beyond the city now
Shades him, devoted to his hermit vow ;
While lovely Fortune, wedded to his heir,
For ever tends him with a daughter's care.
E'en as the sky, what time the Moon has set,
And the new Sun has scarcely risen yet,
So was that race ; the sire in his retreat,
The heir just placed upon the royal seat.
As two fair Virtues from their native skies,
Raghu and Aja charmed the people's eyes.
The father, clad in humble hermit's dress,
Seemed upon earth incarnate Holiness ;
The noble youth, in kingly robes arrayed,
Seemed Royal Virtue bodily displayed.
To guard his kingdom, and to keep his own,
Aja called prudent lords around his throne ;
A home for ever in the skies to win,
Raghu loved Saints and Sages free from sin.
To guard his people with impartial care,
Aja sat daily in his judgment-chair

While upon sacred grass his sire reclined,
 And gave to holy thoughts his steadfast mind.
 One neighbouring Princes 'neath his Sceptre brought ;
 The other checked his breath in deepest thought.
 While Aja spoiled the fame his foes had won,
 And marred the feats their warlike hands had done,
 His father purified in Wisdom's blaze
 The binding deeds¹ performed in early days.
 His people's guardian, Aja cared for all
 The weighty duties on a King that fall :
 His father vanquished Nature's triple chain²
 By counting gold, no more than clay, a gain.
 There was no resting in the great emprise,
 Till fruit of triumph gladdened Aja's eyes ;
 In holy thought no respite Raghu knew,
 Till all the Godhead opened to his view.
 Each³ gained his wish : one triumphed o'er the foe,
 And laid his armies and his glories low ;
 One o'er his senses gained supreme control,
 And checked each rising passion of the soul.
 Years passed away ; and still, at Aja's prayer,
 The royal Hermit breathed the vital air :
 Looking on all below with equal eye,
 He fixed his thoughts upon the glorious sky,

¹ All works, being either good or evil, and, therefore, requiring to be rewarded or punished in another life on earth, or in heaven, or hell, hinder the soul's final emancipation from the body, unless they be purged away in the voluntary purgatory here described.

² The three qualities incident to human nature,—Passion, Goodness, and Darkness.

And gained the boon he longed for, to unite
With the Great Spirit in the world of light.
How Aja sorrowed when his sire was dead !
What tears of anguish o'er his corse he shed !
And then performed, without the aid of fire,¹
The last sad duties to his Hermit Sire.
He offered gifts through filial love alone,
The gifts men offer when the soul is flown ;
For well he knew how vain and useless they,
When spirits pass, as Raghu's passed away.
By his command the people were restrained
From mourning him who endless bliss had gained ;
Then, by the terror of his ready bow,
He made the Earth his own, nor left a foe.
Earth, and the lady, each a lovely bride,
Wedded to such a lord, were filled with pride.
Earth poured her jewels from her boundless store ;
A noble son the Queen, her rival, bore.
That mighty boy in after time shall be
Bright as the Sun, and known as far as he :
His glorious name shall many a bard inspire,
Himself a mighty King, and Rama's sire.
Clear as the Day-God in the cloudless skies,
No darkening shade on Aja's glory lies.
Saints, Gods, and Spirits had no claim on him,
His breast to sadden, or his fame to dim.
For he had pored on Holy Writ, and knew,
And paid with care, each sacred offering due ;

¹ The corpse of a hermit is not burnt.

And now, to clear him from the ancient claim ;¹
 And guard his line, this gentle infant came.
 He used his might the poor and weak to save
 His wisdom honour to the wisest gave ;
 His boundless treasures succoured all distress
 And through his virtues were his people blest.
 Ne'er did he shun the city's crowded street ;
 'T was joy to him his subjects' looks to meet :
 But 't was a sweeter joy to steal away,
 With his dear partner, at the close of day,
 And, while their happy child around them played,
 To roam delighted through the neighbouring shade ;
 Happy as Indra wandering with his love,
 His bright-eyed Sachi, through the groves above.
 Once with his darling as he chanced to roam,
 Narad, sweet singer,² speeding to his home,—
 For he had tuned his heavenly lyre, to cheer
 With sounds of melody great Siva's ear,
 In far Gokarna,³ where the God abode,—
 Flew o'er their heads, upon his airy road.
 The wind, enamoured of the scent of flowers
 That grew and blossomed in no earthly bowers,
 Swept o'er the chaplet on his lyre that lay,
 And bore it swiftly through the clouds away.

¹ The duty of being a father, in order that the offerings to the ancestors' *manes* may be duly kept up.

² The son of Brahmá, and one of the divine Munis, or Rishis. He invented the *vîṇá*, or lute.

³ A place of pilgrimage on the Malabar coast.

Fairer and sweeter than the flowers that grow
In lovely gardens in this world below,
That falling chaplet finds a fitting rest
On the smooth wonder of the lady's breast.
But, when that garland on her bosom lies,
The Queen one instant looks, then faints, and dies ;
As faints the lily, when the Demon's might
Snatches the moon, her lover, from her sight.
Scarce has she sunk, of sense and life bereft,
Ere sense and motion, too, her lord have left.
Loud shrieks, in sorrow, each attendant near ;
And startled birds reply with notes of fear.
Tended with care, the King revives, at last ;
And she—Ah, Fate has bound its prey too fast.
Art may recall the yet delaying breath ;
No charms, alas ! can win his prey from Death.
Lovely but mournful, like an unstrung lute,
She looked all soulless, beautiful and mute,
As in her husband's loving arms she lay,
Pale as the Moon that shrinks before the day.
Broken in spirit, thus the mourner cries ;
His voice scarce heard for groans, and sobs, and sighs.
If iron melts before the conquering flame,
Is the soul stronger in its mortal frame ?
“ Dead of a flower, my dearest ! And has such
The power to kill thee with its gentle touch ?
Now every weapon Fate may use to slay,
If pleasant flowers can take the life away.
Ah, I remember. Such is Nature's will,
That gentle means should gentle creatures kill.

Have I not seen a sweet young lotus die
Of soft snow melting when the sun rose high ?
How can this chaplet, if so deadly there,
Here, on my bosom placed, have power to spare ?
But poisoned cups may life and strength bestow,
And Amrit¹ kill, if God will have it so.
And thus the bolt has spared the husband tree,
And killed the gentle plant that clung to me.
“ Speak to me, dearest. When I vexed thee, thou
Wast ever gentle. Why so scornful now ?
And art thou gone without one last adieu ?
And didst thou think my vows of love untrue ?
Ah, human weakness ! Still her lips are red
With my last kisses : and the girl is dead ?
Unkind, unkind ! Canst thou thy love forsake,
Who ne’er in thought would cause thy heart to ache ?
In name alone the Earth my bride they call :
Thou art my Queen, my love, my life, my all.

The soft wind moves the flowers that deck thy hair,
And whispers hope amid my wild despair.
Wake, darling, wake ! My midnight gloom dispel,
Like the bright plant that lights the darksome dell.
Woe, woe ! Thy hair is wandering freely o’er
Those dear dear lips that speak not, move not more.
Thus the sad lotus sleeps, that all day long
Made pleasant music with the wild bee’s song.
Night goes, but glads her loving moon again ;
The love-bird mourns, but mourns not all in vain.

¹ The nectar of the Indian Gods.

Lovers may part, and live, if hope be left ;
But I for ever, ever am bereft.

Those dainty limbs, for which soft blossoms, spread
By gentle hands, were all too rude a bed,
How will they bear to lie upon the pyre,
Ere burnt to ashes by the ruthless fire ?
The sharer of thy secrets, dear, thy zone,
Rings out no longer with its silvery tone,
Now that thy foot is silent. Can it be
That all its voice and life have fled with thee ?
“ Signs of thy charms will meet me. Thou hast taught
Koils¹ thy voice of music : swans have caught
That step that love made languid : startled roes
Have learnt thy winning glance : the creeper throws
Her amorous arms, when shaken by the breeze,
As thou didst, dearest. Thou hast left me these :
But thou art gone away to Heaven, and what
Can soothe my anguish, love, when thou art not ?
Didst thou not promise, long ago, to see
Thy creeper married to thy favourite tree ?
And now, ere yet the rites are well begun,
Thou hast departed. Is this kindly done ?
Thy dear Asoka tree,² that loved thee much,
And bloomed so bravely at thy gentle touch,

¹ The Koil (*cuculus Indicus*) makes a prominent figure in Indian poetry, in which he appears, like our cuckoo, as the harbinger of Spring, and, like our nightingale, as the most musical of birds.

² The *Jonesia Asoka*, one of the loveliest trees of India, and perhaps, of the whole world. “It is the height of a moderate horse-chestnut, thick in foliage, and literally covered with heads of red flowers resembling the *Ixora*.—Mrs. Speirs’s *Life in Ancient India*.

What henceforth will its blossoms be ? And how,
Meant for thy tresses, can I use them now ?
Believe me, love, it weeps for thee, and showers—
The only tears it can—a rain of flowers ;
Mourning what none can give again, the sweet
Beloved pressure of thy gentle feet.
Art thou asleep,—thy zone, in which we wound
Flowers like thy breath for sweetness, still unbound ?
These girls were partners of thy grief and joy :
Here, like the Moon in beauty, stands our boy.
In thee alone was centred all my bliss :
With these to love thee, was thy purpose this ?
Dear pupil in the song, friend, partner, wife,
What is not lost, oh, tell me, with thy life !
Girl with the eyes that sparkled ; wont to drink
The wine of kisses from my lips ; oh, think,
How wilt thou bear to taste, in realms above,
Tears mixed with water, for the kiss of love ? ”

Thus as he wept, the mourner's cries of woe
Forced the trees' tears in balmy streams to flow.
Scarce could his sorrowing friends, with tender care,
The lovely body from his bosom tear,
And on the pyre those dainty limbs compose,
Where scented flames from logs of sandal rose.
Pale as the sad Moon when the night is fled,
Back to the city all alone he sped,
And saw his grief reflected in the eyes
Of mourning matrons with their deep-drawn sighs.
His saintly Teacher marked the monarch's grief,
And sent a Hermit to console the Chief.

Before the mourner stood the holy man,
And thus, with gentle words, his speech began:
"Well doth the pitying Saint, my Master, know
The cause, sad King that bids thy tears to flow;
And, did not rites unfinished claim his care,
He had been here to soothe thy wild despair.
Now hear the message of the holy Sage;
Store in thy mind the wise advice of age.
His eye of knowledge never waxes dim,
Nought in the triple world is hid from him;
But, all uncovered to his searching eye,
The past, the present, and the future lie.
Once Trinavindu, for his virtues known,
Through sternest Penance threatened Indra's throne.
The God from Paradise, in wild alarm,
Sent a fair Nymph, the Sage's mind to charm.
Scarce could the Saint his furious wrath control,
Surging tempestuous o'er his troubled soul;
And, as she stood, in all her charms arrayed,
He laid the curse of death upon the maid.
'Father, forgive me!'—was her tearful cry—
'My lord commands; a helpless slave am I.'
Then cried the Sage: 'On earth a prisoner be,
Till flowers of Heaven shall fall and set thee free.'
Born, ages after, of a royal line,
She was thy consort, and her heart was thine.
But those sweet flowers upon her breast that fell
Have freed her spirit, and removed the spell.
Weep not for her; but for thy land provide:
The Earth, remember, is the Monarch's bride.

Well hast thou borne thy prosperous fortune's test,
Nor once has pride inflamed thy constant breast :
Then scorn, O King, beneath thy grief to bow ;
But show the same unyielding spirit now.
Up, and be strong ! Thy useless grief control,
And with rich offerings cheer thy lady's soul.
Hast thou not heard, when tears for ever flow,
The spirit suffers from the mourner's woe ?"
The sage's counsel reached the mourner's ear ;
But, rent by grief, his heart refused to hear.
Then to his home the Hermit turned again,
And with him turned the counsel sent in vain.

Still, moved by pity for his helpless boy,
He bore eight dreary years without a joy ;
Or, if a joy he had, it was to trace
In each fair thing some well-remembered grace
Of his lost darling, and in dreams to fold
His loving arms around her, as of old.
The sword of anguish cleft his broken heart ;
As the wild fig-tree, bursting through, will part
The palace pavement. Well he knew the ill
Would mock the leeches and their boasted skill.
To him 't was gain : he only longed to die,
And meet his well-beloved in the sky.

Soon as the boy the burnished mail could wear,
He learnt the arts that claim a rule's care.
Then Aja, weary of the light of day,
Resolved to fast his noble life away.
Where Sarju's wave with Ganga's stream unite,
From the dead clay his spirit winged its flight,

Hasting to join the deathless bands above:
And there he met his own, his only love,
More lovely far than ever, and had rest
In the sweet groves and mansions of the Blest.

Now lovely Spring, descending gently, rests
Mid his dear woods that wave their shady crests.
Softly he comes—at first the floweret's birth
Proclaims his advent to the longing earth ;
Then burst the tendrils from the leafy trees,
Then comes the Koil, then the song of bees.
See, as the gentle breeze from Malaya blows,
Loaded with flowers the scented Mango throws
Her boughs about in play—a sight to steal
Hearts dead to earth, that love nor hate can feel !
The rich Asoka, with its glorious dyes,
Enthrals the spirit as it charms the eyes ;
And to the lover every spray is dear
That lends new beauty to his darling's ear.
To deck the forests, Spring delights to choose
The lovely crimson of the Amaranth's hues,
Fair tree, beloved by labouring bees that throng
Round its sweet blossoms with their ceaseless song,
Or cling upon the Vakul's buds, and sip
Flowers fed with nectar from a woman's lip.
Now is the time when maidens love to pull
That glorious flower, so bright, so beautiful,
That decks in Spring the waving woods, and wear
Its golden blossoms twisted in their hair.

This piece is taken from the eighth Canto of the *Raghuvansā*.

Now, like a lovely bride, 'tis sweet to see
The creeping jasmin clasp her husband tree,
As a sweet smile of wife-like transport plays
Over her teeth of flowers, her lips of sprays.
Robes like the morn when first the sun appears—
Bright barley drooping o'er the maiden's ears—
The Koil's music from the Mango bough—
These are love's weapons, and resistless now.
The golden pollen, wafted by the breeze,
Brightens the Tila's spray all dark with bees,
Till each young bud, and every blossom there
Shines like the pearls that deck a maiden's hair.
Faint, far away, through woods in blossom floats
The music of the Koil's earliest notes,
As when some modest maiden sweetly tries
To tell the love that sparkles in her eyes.
The woods are all alive; the busy throng
Of bees at labour charm the ears with song.
Like women's flashing teeth, the trees display
Boughs rich with blossoms pure and white as they,
And wave their leaves, like taper hands, in glee
Moving in concert with the melody.

The laughing maiden in the flying swing
Keeps with delight the Festival of Spring,
Yet slow to seize in her soft hand the cord,
And leave the rest her lover's arms afford.
Both dames and maidens listen, and rejoice,
While comes sweet counsel in the Koil's voice:—
"Resist no more!" it says, or seems to say—
"Youth lasts not ever, love ye while ye may!"

THE HUNT.¹

In hunter's garb the glorious King is drest,
His bow hangs ready on his sturdy breast ;
And, as he goes, thick clouds of dust arise
Beneath his horses' feet, and veil the skies.
A leafy wreath upon his head he wears,
Green, like the trees around, the shield he bears ;
The only glitter, when his ear-ring shakes
At every step his prancing courser takes.

First with their mouths still full of holy grass,
The hunter sees a flock of wild-goats pass ;
The male in triumph proudly leads the way,
The thirsty kids each mother oft delay.
Straight to the mark the hunter's arrow flies ;
Their ranks are broken, and their tremulous eyes
Peer through the trees, as, when a gale has blown,
Shine lotus-leaves upon the waters thrown.
Now 'gainst a noble buck he bends his bow,
But moved by pity for the gentle doe
That comes herself between, his tender heart
Forbids his hand to send the ready dart.
In vain he aims at many a startled deer,
Their large eyes quickly trembling in their fear

¹ This piece is taken from the ninth Canto of the *Raghuvansā*.

Recall the maiden's timid look, and how,
With these sweet memories, can he slay them now

While angry boars in wild confusion fly
From the cool marshes where they love to lie
Their dripping feet and trodden grass betray
To the keen hunter's eye their secret way.

The huge rhinoceros is forced to mourn,
Cut by the hunter's shaft, his mighty horn,
The King delights to check the haughty foe,
So spares his life, but brings his glory low.
Spotted like broken boughs, fierce tigers spring
From their dark caverns towards the fearless King ;
One moment, and his hand by practice skilled
Their mouths, like quivers, with his shafts has filled.
Loud as the rushing wind, his bow-string's sound
Wakes lions slumbering on the shady ground ;
Their royal dignity and matchless might
The rival Monarch's jealous rage excite.
Foes of the elephant, their claws are red
With blood-stained pearls torn from his mangled head ;
He, his avenger, now delights to pay
The service rendered in the doubtful fray.

Now towards a herd of bulls he turns his horse,
And shoots swift arrows in his rapid course ;
Like trembling Princes when the conqueror's nigh,
In wild confusion through the wood they fly ;
He checks the chase and spares their lives, content
With their broad tails, their boasted ornament.

THE ADDRESS TO VISHNU.¹

As weary wanderers, by the heat opprest,
Seek the dark shadow of a tree for rest,
So, faint with terror, crushed by grief and woe,
The Gods sought Vishnu's aid against their foe.
Soon as their feet the shores of Ocean trod,
Waked from his slumber, rose the mightiest God :
Omen of triumph, when the great arise
At the first summons to the bold emprise,
There lay the God upon his Serpent-bed,
While every jewel in each glittering head
Of that tremendous Snake its radiance poured
Upon the limbs of his reclining lord.
Over the shoulders of the God was drawn
A garment tinted like the early dawn ;
Bright flashed his eyes, like lotuses that wake
When the sun shines upon their native lake ;
And the God showed, in all his bright array,
Like the glad morning of an autumn day.
On his broad breast that famous gem he wore,
Old Ocean's proudest boast in days of yore ;
O'er the God's mystic mark its blaze it threw,
And served fair Lakshmi as a mirror too,
The while she rested on her lotus-seat,
And in her lap upheld her husband's feet.

¹ This piece is taken from the tenth Canto[†] of the *Raghuvansā*.

The living weapons, by his side that lie,
Lifted their voices in triumphant cry;
And by his Master's side, his constant place,
Stood Garud, Monarch of the feathered race:
Sheathed were his claws, forgotten was his hate
Of the great Snake that bears his Master's weight.
Then, as the Saints the chains of slumber broke,
And from their trance of deep devotion woke,—
When their bright eyes again with glory shone,
Cleansing all creatures that they looked upon,—
He smiled, in answer to the words, addrest
With lowly greeting, asking of his rest.
Then bowed the Gods, and by each heavenly tongue
The matchless victor of the fiends was sung,
Worthy of praise in Heaven, and earth below,
Though none can tell him, and no heart can know:
“Glory to thee in triple form adored,
Creator, Saviour, and Destroying Lord!
Each of these forms, unchanging God! is thine,
E'en as the mystic Triad may assign;
So to the rain-drop, coming pure from Heaven,
Where'er it falls, a different taste is given.
Boundless! the world before Thee bounded lies;
No wish hast Thou, but bidst the wish arise.
Victor, unvanquished! Never seen! from Thee
Spring all the creatures that the eye can see.
Though far away, Thou dwellest in each heart;
With no desire, in Penance bearest part.
Full of compassion, Thou canst feel no woe;
Ancient of Days, but age canst never know.

Omniscient Lord, but known to none art Thou ;
Subject to none, to Thee all creatures bow.
Maker of all things, Self-existent still ;
One, yet the wearer of all forms at will.
Praised in the seven great hymns, for Thee are spread
The seven vast Oceans for Thy wondrous bed.
Thy mouth the seven-fold flame that blazes high ;
All the seven worlds to Thee for refuge fly.
All from Thy four-fold mouth, O God, proceed :
The holy lore that seeks the four-fold meed ;¹
Time, with its Ages four, from Thee began ;
From Thee, with four-fold caste, the race of Man.
O Light, that dwellest in the humble breast,
Sought by pure Hermits for eternal rest !
None e'er may know Thee, God without a birth,
Yet born in many a mortal form on earth.
God without passions, slayer of Thy foes,
Awake for ever, sunk in deep repose !
Thou hast a pleasure in the joys of Sense,
E'en in the midst of sternest Abstinence ;
Thou canst look on unmoved, yet come to aid,
And save from woe, the people Thou hast made.
What though in Scripture many a way we see
That leads to Bliss, they all unite in Thee :
Thus holy Ganga's branching stream is poured,
By many a channel, to her Ocean lord.
To those who fix on Thee, their heart and mind,
And trust in Thee, with every wish resigned,

¹ The four-fold meed is Duty, Wealth, Desire, and Salvation.

Thou art the way that leads to endless joy,
 Which none can lose again, nor time destroy.
 By none that lives Thy glory may be told,
 Whose shade on earth men's wondering eyes behold.
 What tongue can tell Thee ? That Thou art, alone,
 Is from the pages of the Veda known.
 The pearls are brighter than the Sea ; the sun
 Is, in pure lustre, by his rays outdone ;
 So are Thy deeds more glorious than the praise
 Our feeble tongues, O Lord, to Thee can raise.
 What must their gain, who serve Thee Truly, be,
 When souls are cleansed by the mere thought of Thee !
 For the World's good Thy mighty deeds were wrought ;
 All things are Thine, and Thou canst wish for nought :
 Now if no more in praise of Thee we speak,
 Thy glories fail not, but our tongues are weak."

With truthful words the dwellers in the sky
 Thus spoke the praises of the God most High,
 And sought the favour of their Lord to win,
 Who loves the pure from every thought of sin.
 His gracious questions made the suppliants bold ;
 And all their peril, all their grief, they told :—
 How Ravan threatened,¹ like a sea that o'er
 His banks, unbidden, dared his floods to pour.
 Then Vishnu spake. His voice, that echoed round,
 From cave to cave, the din of Ocean drowned.
 His speech came shining through His teeth's white gleam ;
 As from His foot flows Ganga's holy stream :

¹ Ravana was a mighty ten-headed fiend, and King of Lanka, or Ceylon. He was killed by Vishnu, incarnate as Rama.

“ I know that Ravan scorns you, in his might ;
As mental Darkness conquers Truth and Light.
Vexed by his rage, the Worlds can find no rest ;
Like a good heart by heedless sin distress.
Nor in our common cause need Indra's prayer
Implore me now the mighty task to share.
The Wind, uncalled, is ever watching near,
To be the Fire's own willing charioteer.
From Brahma's favour, by his Penance won,
The Demon gained the boon he sought, that none
Among the Gods should slay him, but forgot
To guard his life from man, or feared him not.
I will be born as Dasaratha's child ;
Cleft by my arrows shall his heads be piled,
Like lotus-flowers, upon the battle-plain,
And be my offering, when the foe is slain.
Again, O Gods, the flame in peace shall glow,
Again shall waft you offerings from below ;
Nor shall the shadowy Fiends that roam by night
Distress the Priests, or mar the sacred rite.
No more the Saint, borne in his heavenly car,
Shall mark the Demon's chariot from afar ;
No more, in fear, to shading clouds shall fly,
But move at will, untroubled, through the sky.
Now bid the Maids of Heaven again unbind
Their locks so long in mournful braids confined :
Slain by my hand, no more shall Ravan dare
To seize, with impious grasp, their flowing hair.”

THE BIRTH OF RAMA.¹

"The scene changes to earth, where Dasaratha, King of Ayodhya, after a life spent in deeds of virtue, finds his years drawing to a close without any heir to defend his old age or succeed to his crown. A holy *rishi*, or saint, reveals to him that he shall obtain his desires, on performing the *Aswamedha*, or sacrifice of a horse, which occupies such a pre-eminent place in the Hindu religious rites. The sacrifice is accordingly performed, and with the promised result. Dasaratha's three wives became the mothers of four sons, all participating in the divine nature of Vishnu ; but Rama, the eldest, is Vishnu himself."—*Westminster Review*, October 1848, p. 41.

With costly sacrifice, with praise, and prayer,
Ayodhya's king had claimed from Heaven an heir ;
When from the shrine, where burnt the holy flame,
Scaring the priests, a glorious angel came,
With arms that trembled as they scarce could hold
A flood of nectar in a vase of gold :
A weight too vast for even him to bear,
For Vishnu's self, the first of Gods, was there.
With reverent awe the Lord of Kosal's land²
Received the nectar from the angel's hand,
As erst Lord Indra from the milky wave
Took the sweet drink that troubled ocean gave.³

¹ This piece is taken from the tenth Canto of the *Raghuvansā*.

² Kosala was the name of the Kingdom of which Ayodhya was the capital.

³ The *Amrit*, or nectar of the Indian Gods, buried at the Deluge and recovered at the *Churning of the Ocean*. The story is told in the *Mahābhārata* and translated in *Specimens of old Indian Poetry*.

Soon as the queens had shared that mystic bowl,
 Hope, sure and steadfast, filled each lady's soul.
 They saw, in dreams, a glorious host who kept
 Their watch around them, as they sweetly slept.
 They mounted skyward on the feathered king,¹
 Who spread a glory with each golden wing,
 And as he shot through plains of ether drew
 The cloudy rack to follow where he flew.
 Now Lakshmi,² with her consort's mystic gem
 Sparkling upon her breast, for love of them
 Came from the skies, and her own radiant hand
 Their slumbering eyelids with a lotus fanned.
 Then from their homes on high—their holy hair
 Damp from the lucid stream that wanders there—
 Came, a glorious dream, the star-throned Seven,³
 Whispering softly of the Lord of Heaven.

Proud waxed the monarch, as each happy queen
 Told the bright visions that her eyes had seen :
 No king, he deemed, with him in bliss could vie ;
 No, nor the father of the earth and sky.

¹ The sacred bird of Vishnu, Garuda by name.

² Lakshmi, Goddess of Beauty and Fortune, was the wife of Vishnu. The mystic gem is called Kaustubha

" the best
 Of gems, that burns with living light
 Upon Lord Vishnu's breast."

³ The seven great saints who are the stars of the constellation of Ursa Major. "The seven great saints who star the northern sky."
—Birth of the War-God.

As many a river lends its silver breast
 Where the calm image of the moon may rest,
 So in the bosom of each lady lay
 That God, divided, who is one for aye.
 Soon, like the luminous herb, which, ere 'tis night,
 Wins from the setting sun a ray of light,¹
 Kausalya² gained a child, a lovely star,
 To chase the shadow of the night afar :
 A babe so bright, that every torch grew dim
 In the queen's chamber, when it shone near him.
 They named him Rama,³ for the child shall bring
 Eternal joy to all who hail him king.
 Then the young mother, languid, pale, and worn,
 Looked, as she nursed her babe, her newly born,
 Like Ganga by the autumn heat opprest,
 With one sweet lotus on her island-breast.
 And queen Kaikeyi bare a noble child,
 Named Bharat, beautiful, and meek, and mild :
 By fond affection and obedience, sent
 To be his mother's pride and ornament :
 Like gentle modesty that lends new grace
 To each dear winning charm of Beauty's face.
 Then queen Sumitra, fairest of the fair,
 Twin children, Lakshman and Satrughna, bare :
 Thus self-control and knowledge spring to light
 When fruitful learning is employed aright.

¹ The setting sun, say the Indian poets, deposits a portion of his light with certain plants which emit luminous rays in his absence,

"Like gems, in darkness, issuing rays"

"They've treasured from the sun that's set."—*Lalla Rookh*.

² Kausalya was chief of the three queens of Dasaratha.

³ Rama is derived from the root *Ram*, to sport, take pleasure.

The babes were born : then sin and sorrow fled,
And joy and virtue reigned supreme instead :
For Vishnu's self disdained not mortal birth,
And heaven came with him as he came to earth.
Once more the regions, where each guardian lord
Had quailed before the giant he abhorred,
Were cheered with breezes pure from dust and stain,
And freed from terror hailed a gentler reign.
The fire was dimmed by cloudy smoke no more,
And the sun shone untroubled as before.
But Ravan's Glory poured her sorrows down
In jewels dropping from the giant's crown ;
While drums of triumph beaten in the sky
Woke the king's music to a glad reply ;
And the first rite to bless the joyful hour
Was the rich downpour of a fragrant shower
Of blossoms falling, from the heavenly trees,
On the proud monarch's gilded galleries.

Graced with the holy rites, and nursed with care,
As the babes strengthened, fairer and more fair,
So with their growth increased their father's joy—
An elder brother to each darling boy.
Modest by nature, gentle nature's aid
More modest still the youthful princes made :
Thus, when the sacred oil its influence lends,
In brighter spires the hallowed flame ascends.
With virtues blent in sweet accord to grace
The ancient line of Raghu's¹ sinless race—

¹ Raghu, the great-grandfather of Rama, was one of the most celebrated of the solar dynasty and has given his name to the family.

As all the seasons of the year combine
To deck the garden where the Gods recline—
They loved as brothers in their royal home,
But still in pairs they ever loved to roam.
Rama and Lakshman closer ties allied,
And Bharat wandered by Satrugna's side,
Linkt in eternal love, like wind and fire,
Or the dear moon and sea his foster-sire.¹
As when, at summer's close, dark clouds arise,
Bringing sweet comfort to men's longing eyes,
So the fair children won the people's hearts,
By gentle graces and attractive arts :
Men deemed that Duty, Profit, Love, and Bliss,
Had come incarnate from their world to this.
And with more pride the father's bosom glowed
For the rare virtues and the love they showed,
Than for the pearls, in countless tribute poured
By the four oceans, to delight their lord.

¹ At the *Churning of the Ocean* the moon with other buried treasures was recovered from the Ocean by whom, therefore, it is still regarded with parental affection.

THE FLYING CAR.¹

Then Rama, speeding on his airy road,
The distant prospect to his darling showed :
“ Look, Sita, look ! Away to Malaya’s side
My causeway parts the Ocean’s foamy tide.”
Thus hast thou seen, on some fair autumn night,
When heaven is loveliest with its starry light,
From north to south a cloudy pathway spread,
Parting the deep dark firmament o’erhead.
Deep is that Sea ; but deeper still, they say,
Our glorious fathers dug their eager way,
Following fast, when Kapil dared to lead²
Away to Hell their charge, the hallowed steed.
From the deep Sea the Sun-God draws the rain,
To pour it down in boundless wealth again.
And he supports the flame, whose ruthless power
Will, in ungrateful greed, the wave devour.
And from his depths arose the silver light
Of the dear Moon that charms the gazer’s sight.

¹ This extract, from the thirteenth canto of the *Raghuvansá*, describes the return of Ráma, with Sitá (whom he has recovered from Rávana, who had carried her off) from Lanká to Ayodhyá.

² The bridge of rocks thrown across from the mainland to Lanká by Ráma, when he invaded that island, to recover Sitá.

³ When King Sagara was going to perform an *Áśvamedha*, or horse-sacrifice, the sage Kapila drove the intended victim away to the infernal regions, whither Sagara’s sons followed, digging there way under the sea.

Changing in form, his waves are now at rest,
And peace is brooding on his tranquil breast.
Unknown, unmeasured ! not a tongue can tell
His might, his nature, when his waters swell,
From sky to sky when his broad billows roll,
Boundless as Vishnu who pervades this Whole.
He lends his broad expanse for Vishnu's bed,
Whene'er, with rolling years, and age has fled ;
When, all the worlds absorbed, the God Supreme,
Lost in self-contemplation, sinks to dream.
Whose glorious praise the Great Creator sings,
Couched on the lotus from his breast that springs.
He can protect. When Indra's bolt had shorn¹
The proud Hills' pinions from their sides, and torn
Their rugged breasts, to him, in fear, they fled,
And found sure refuge in his gloomy bed.
And he can love. No bridegroom ever gave
Close kisses fast as his, whose eager wave
Drinks up the river's lips, and, foaming o'er,
Leaps, in a storm of passion, on the shore.
Look, Sita, look ! Those monsters of the deep
Close by the river's mouth their station keep.
Soon as the waves have reached them, they have quaff
Water and fish together at a draught.
Now see ! They shut their mouths, while, gushing out
From openings in their heads, high fountains spout.
Look ! As one moment o'er the wave they rise,
With their broad backs, like elephants in size,

¹ The hills had wings, till Indra cut them off with his thunderbolt.

The parted foam-drops on their cheeks appear
Like chowries waving round each monster's ear.¹
Look how the Serpents lift their heads on high,
To catch the breezes as they wander by!
Curled like the curling waves on which they rest,
The eye would miss them, but each glittering crest
Catches a brightness from the sun, that throws
A glory on it, till each jewel glows.
See how the billows, in their furious swell,
Have cast on trees of Coral many a shell
That clings to branches, with thy lips that vie,
And there, with amorous clasp, would cling and die.
See! In a moment, in this magic car,
We reach the strand that seemed but now so far,
Where groves of betel trees in order grow,
Hanging the burthen of their branches low,
And, cast by tempests from their ocean-bed,
Uncovered pearls upon the sands are spread.
Now, gentle Sita, let thy look be cast
Back o'er the way our flying car has past.
That land, that 's green with many a waving tree,
Seems to be rising from a distant sea.
Look ! As I will, my heavenly chariot flies :
Now by the God's own path it nears the skies,
Now with the flight of birds its course it keeps,
Now skims the road the cloudy tempest sweeps.
Dost thou not feel the cool wind breathing now,
Sweet with the odours of Airavat's brow,²

¹ A chowrie is a long brush used to whisk off flies.

² Airāvata is Indra's elephant.

And, damped by waves of Ganga's triple stream,
Cooling thy forehead 'neath the morning's beam ?
Look, look ! Thy hand, upon the chariot placed,
With a new ornament is sweetly graced ;
For this dark cloud, which flashing lightning rings,
Upon thy round fair arm its beauty flings.
And see ! The Hermits, in their bark-coats drest,
In their own homes, so long deserted, rest :
Secure, again their leafy cots they rear ;
For through the forest now is nought to fear.
There, in my frantic search¹ for thee, I found
Thy well known anklet : but its silvery sound
Was heard no longer ; and it seemed to me
Hushed in sad silence because far from thee.
The trees, in pity for my wild distress,
Guided my footsteps through the wilderness :
Their leaves all scattered and their branches bent
By the fierce giant,² showed the way he went ;
And startled deer forbore the tender spray,
Looked towards the South, and told the robber's way.*
Madly I climbed the mountain-peaks that frown
Before us yonder ; rain was pouring down,
And tears, like rain, from me. I sought thee there,
And, mourning for my darling, scarce could bear
The sweet cool smell of lakes and pleasant showers,
The beauty and the perfume of the flowers,
And all delights of sight, and sound, and smell ;
For, without Sita, Heaven itself were Hell.

¹ When Sita was carried off by Ravana.

² Ravana.

Yet my soul bore from mountain caves the loud
Re-echoed bellowing of the thunder-cloud ;
Though, at the sound, rose scenes of past delight,
As I remembered, in the stormy night
How my love nestled nearer and more near,
Roused from her slumber by its voice of fear.
Then, as a mist o'erspread the steaming earth,
And many a bright bud quickly sprang to birth,
Within my tortured breast the past would rise,
And stab me with the memory of thine eyes,
Flashing through clouds of incense smoke, that lay
Floating around thee on our bridal day.

“ Look far before us. See the distant gleam,
Through the thick reeds, of Pampa's silver stream.
There, on the bank, I saw two Love-birds play,
And feed each other with a lotus-spray.
' Ah ! happy birds ! ' I sighed, ' whom cruel fate
Dooms not to sorrow for an absent mate.'
Well I remember, in my wild despair
I thought a bright Asoka glowing there
Was Sita, was my dearest : Lakshman¹ clung
Around my neck, or I had wildly sprung,
With a great cry, to meet thee, and caress
Its full round clusters for my darling's breast.
See ! Panchavati, with its gazing deer,
Delight my soul again ; for it was here
My gentle Sita used, of old, to bring,
For her young trees, fresh water from the spring.

¹ Ráma's brother.

See troops of cranes, from sweet Godavari's shore
Lured by thy tinkling music, upwards soar.
The golden bells that hang upon thy feet
Guiding their flight, they come my love to greet.
O pleasant bank, O well-remembered place,
Where I so often, wearied with the chase,
Would throw me on the grass, and, while my brow
Was fanned by breezes from the river, thou
Wouldst talk so sweetly ; and my head was laid
Upon thy lap, at evening, in the shade.
There was the Sage's home, whose very frown
From Indra's Heaven hurled mighty Nahush down :
Before his glance—so pure that holy man—
The muddy water clear and limpid ran.
See, through the trees, that shade its breast, the cool
Delicious waves of Satakarni's pool
Gleaming, half hidden by the boughs, as gleams
The moon when cloudlets partly veil his beams.
'T is said, the Saint, who shared the food of deer,
Filled Indra's jealous breast with doubt and fear,
Till five fair maids of Swarga's lovely train¹
Were sent to snare his soul, nor sent in vain.
In summer-houses 'neath the lake he dwells ;
Thence, upward floating, sweetest music swells.
Hark, how the melody and moving song
Make the car echo, as it flies along.
There dwells a Hermit, pious, pure, and good,
Scorched by four blazing fires that burn the wood,

¹ Swarga is Indra's Heaven.

While on his head a fifth, the God of Day,
Pours down the fury of his ruthless ray.
See, bound to silence by his holy vow,
He bends in answer, as my head I bow,
Looks, for a moment, as we pass, and then
Fixes his gaze upon the Sun again.
There is a grove, the pure and safe abode
Where Sarabhanga's fire for ever glowed :
Long, long with wood the sacred flames he fed,
Then gave his holy body in its stead.
Still round his cottage, like an honoured band,
Laden with fruit, the trees, his daughters, stand.
Now to the left, dear Sita, turn thine eyes,
Where Chitrakuta's lofty peaks arise.
Like some proud bull, he lifts his haughty crest :
See the dark cave, his mouth, and shaggy breast :
Now, like a clod in furious charge uptorn,
A cloud is hanging on his mighty horn.
See, how the river, with its lucid streams,
Like a pearl necklace, round the mountain gleams.
There lies the wood where holy Atri lives,
And all his days to strictest Penance gives.
In that pure grove a thousand creatures roam,
And fear no evil in their sacred home.
There the blest trees await no bud's delay,
But burst to fruit on every laden spray.
There is the spot where Anusuya led
Ganga from heaven, the crown of Siva's head,—
Ganga, whose lotuses are plucked on high
By the great Seven who star the northern sky.

Here rolling down, the heavenly river gave,
To bathe the Saints, her purifying wave.
Upon their holy seats the Saints are still;
And thoughts of God their tranquil bosoms fill.
The trees that shade the altar move no spray,
And seem all lost in holy thought as they.
Look! From that tree with leaves of rosy red,
I twined a garland for my darling's head.
That fig-tree mark, with leaves of emerald green,
And fruit like rubies shining bright between:
Dost thou remember how thy prayer was prayed
For me, sweet love, beneath its friendly shade?
Now see the waves of Jumna's stream divide
The fair-limbed Ganga's heaven-descended tide;
Distinct, though joined,—bright gleaming in the sun,—
Like pearls with sapphires mixed, the rivers run.
Thus, intertwined, the azure lotus through
Crowns of white lilies pour its shade of blue:
Thus, 'mid the swans that float on Manas lake
Shine the dark gold-shot glories of the drake:
As though on Earth's fair brow, with hues more dark,
A line of ochre crossed the sandal mark:
Or like the Moon, whose silver radiance steals
Through the dark cloud that half its face conceals:
Or as a row of Autumn clouds, between
Whose shifting ranks the blue of heaven is seen:
Or Siva's body, with white ashes, round
Whose form a serpent's sable coils are wound:
Thus Ganga shines. So holy is the place
Where Ocean's waves, with meeting streams, embrace,

That he who quits his mortal body here,—
His mind, by bathing, from his sin washed clear,—
E'en without knowledge of the Godhead, gains
Eternal freedom from the body's chains.
And there runs Sarju's stream, which, Sages say
Flows from the lake of Brahma, far away,
Whose golden lotuses sweet dust provide
To stain the bosom of each Yaksha's bride¹ :
With many an altar on her hallowed shores,
To fath Ayodha's town her waves she pours,
Dear to my filial heart, O mother mine,
O common mother of our royal line !
Upon thine island-breasts we all were nursed,
And from thy bounteous streams we quenched our thirst.
Now gently smiling, as my mother smiled,
Welcome, with sweet cool breath, thy banished child ! ”

¹The Yakshas are demigods, attending especially on the God Kuvera, and employed in the care of his gardens and treasures. Another of their functions is to serve the chariot of the Sun.

KUSA AND LAVA.¹

'T was very sweet to Rama's heart, at eve
The cares of council and of state to leave,
And, with his queen, the bright-eyed Sita, roam
Through the long chambers of his happy home,
And, in the pictures that adorned the hall,
Their woes and wanderings in the wood recall,
With the sweet feeling that remembered ill
Makes present pleasure more delightful still.

Then, day by day, the husband's hope grew high,
Gazing with love on Sita's melting eye :
With anxious care he saw her pallid cheek,
And fondly bade her all her wishes speak.
'Once more I fain would see,' the lady cried,
'The sacred groves that rise on Ganga's side,
Where holy grass is ever fresh and green,
And cattle feeding on the rice are seen ;
There would I rest awhile where once I strayed
Linked in sweet friendship to each hermit maid.'
And Rama smiled upon his wife and sware,
With many a tender oath, to grant her prayer.

It chanced, one evening, from a lofty seat
He viewed Ayodhya stretched before his feet :

¹ This extract is taken from the fourteenth canto of the
Raghuvansā.

He looked with pride upon the royal road
Lined with gay shops their glittering stores that showed,
He looked on Sarju's silver waves, that bore
The light barks flying with the sail and oar ;
He saw the gardens near the town that lay,
Filled with glad citizens and boys at play.
Then swelled the monarch's bosom with delight,
And his heart triumphed at the happy sight.
He turned to Bhadra, standing by his side,—
Upon whose secret news the king relied,—
And bade him say what people said and thought
Of all the exploits that his arm had wrought.

The spy was silent, but, when questioned still,
Thus spake, obedient to his master's will ;
' For all thy deeds in peace and battle done
The people praise thee, King, except for one :
This only act of all thy life they blame,—
Thy welcome home of her, thy ravished dame.'
Like iron yielding to the iron's blow,
Sank Rama, smitten by those words of woe.
His breast, where love and fear for empire vied,
Swayed, like a rapid swing, from side to side.
Shall he this rumour scorn, which blots his life,
Or banish her, his dear and spotless wife ?
But rigid Duty left no choice between
His perilled honour and his darling queen.
Called to his side, his brothers wept to trace
The marks of anguish in his altered face.
No longer bright and glorious as of old,
He thus addressed them when the tale was told :

'Alas ! my brothers, that my life should blot
The fame of those the Sun himself begot ;
As from the labouring cloud the driven rain
Leaves on the mirror's polished face a stain.
E'en as an elephant who loathes the stake
And the strong chain he has no power to break,
I cannot brook this cry on every side,
That spreads like oil upon the moving tide.
I leave the daughter of Videha's King,¹
And the fair blossom soon from her to spring,
As erst, obedient to my sire's command,
I left the empire of the sea-girt land.
Good is my queen, and spotless ; but the blame
Is hard to bear, the mockery and the shame.
Men blame the pure Moon for the darkened ray,
When the black shadow takes the light away.
And, O my brothers, if ye wish to see
Rama live long from this reproach set free,
Let not your pity labour to control
The firm sad purpose of his changeless soul.'

Thus Rama spake. The sorrowing brothers heard
His stern resolve, without an answering word ;
For none among them dared his voice to raise,
That will to question :—and they could not praise.
'Beloved brother,' thus the monarch cried
To his dear Lakshman, whom he called aside,—
Lakshman, who knew no will save his alone

¹ Sita was the adopted daughter of Janaka, King of Videhá or Mithilá.

Whose hero deeds through all the world were known :—

‘ My queen has told me that she longs to rove.
Beneath the shade of Saint Valmiki’s grove¹ :
Now mount thy car, away my lady bear ;
Tell all, and leave her in the forest there.’

The car was brought, the gentle lady smiled,
As the glad news her trusting heart beguiled.
She mounted up : Sumantra held the reins ;
And forth the coursers bounded o’er the plains.
She saw green fields in all their beauty dressed,
And thanked her husband in her loving breast.
Alas ! deluded queen ! she little knew
How changed was he whom she believed so true ;
How one she worshipped like the Heavenly Tree
Could, in a moment’s time, so deadly be.
Her right eye throbbed,—ill-omened sign, to tell
The endless loss of him she loved so well,
And to the lady’s saddening heart revealed
The woe that Lakshman, in his love, concealed.
Pale grew the bloom of her sweet face,—as fade
The lotus blossoms,—by that sign dismayed.
‘ Oh, may this omen,’—was her silent prayer,—
‘ No grief to Rama or his brothers bear !’

When Lakshman, faithful to his brother, stood
Prepared to leave her in the distant wood,
The holy Ganga, flowing by the way,
Raised all her hands of waves to bid him stay.

¹ Válmiki is the author of the *Rámáyana*.

At length with sobs and burning tears that rolled
 Down his sad face, the King's command he told ;
 As when a monstrous cloud, in evil hour,
 Rains from its labouring womb a stony shower.
 She heard, she swooned, she fell upon the earth,
 Fell on that bosom whence she sprang to birth.
 As, when the tempest in its fury flies,
 Low in the dust the prostrate creeper lies,
 So, struck with terror, sank she on the ground,
 And all her gems, like flowers, lay scattered round.
 But Earth, her mother,¹ closed her stony breast,
 And, filled with doubt, denied her daughter rest.
 She would not think the Chief of Raghu's race
 Would thus his own dear guiltless wife disgrace.
 Stunned and unconscious, long the lady lay,
 And felt no grief, her senses all astray.
 But gentle Lakshman, with a brother's care,
 Brought back her sense, and with her sense, despair.
 Oh, happier far that stupor of the brain
 Than life and knowledge that are only pain !
 But not her wrongs, her shame, her grief, could wring
 One angry word against her lord the King :
 Upon herself alone the blame she laid,
 For tears and sighs that would not yet be stayed.
 To soothe her anguish Lakshman gently strove ;
 He showed the path to Saint Valmiki's grove ;

¹ The Earth was, in a special way, the mother of Sitá who was—

“ Not of woman born ;

Found in the furrow as they ploughed the earth.”

—*Rámáyana*.

And craved her pardon for the share of ill
 He wrought, obedient to his brother's will.
 'O, long and happy, dearest brother, live !
 I have to praise,' she cried, ' and not forgive :
 To do his will should be thy noblest praise ;
 As Vishnu ever Indra's will obeys.
 Return, dear brother : on each royal dame¹,
 Bestow a blessing in poor Sita's name,
 And bid them, in their love, kind pity take
 Upon her offspring, for the father's sake.
 And speak my message in the monarch's ear,
 The last last words of mine that he shall hear :
 ' Say, was it worthy of thy noble race
 Thy guiltless queen thus lightly to disgrace ?
 For idle tales to spurn thy faithful bride,
 Whose constant truth the searching fire had tried ?²
 Or may I hope thy soul refused consent,
 And but thy voice decreed my banishment ?
 Hope that no care could turn, no love could stay
 The lightning stroke that falls on me to-day ?
 That sins committed in the life that's fled
 Have brought this evil on my guilty head ?
 Thou leftest Fortune, by thy side who stood,
 To roam with Sita through the dreary wood ;
 And the proud Queen has laboured to destroy,
 In jealous rage, her happier rival's joy.

¹ The mother and two step-mothers of Ráma.

² After her return from her imprisonment in Lanká, Sita passed triumphantly the ordeal of fire.

Of old, fair women, by the Fiend oppressed,
Sought Rama's wife for safety and for rest.
From whom, when thou art living, shall she crave
The aid and pitying love that once she gave?
Think not I value now my widowed life,
Worthless to her who once was Rama's wife.
I only live because I hope to see
The dear dear babe that will resemble thee.
And then my task of penance shall be done,
With eyes uplifted to the scorching sun;
So shall the life that is to come restore
Mine own dear husband, to be lost no more.'
One thought remains my widowed heart to cheer,
Though far from thee, and home, and all that's dear.
Still in her cell the poor recluse will share
Rama's protection and his watchful care:
For monarchs ever must defend from ill
The Castes and Orders: such is Manu's will.'

And Lakshman swore her every word to tell,
Then turned to go, and bade the queen farewell.
Alone with all her woes, her piteous cries
Rose like a butchered lamb's that struggling dies.
The reverend sage¹ who from his dwelling came
For sacred grass and wood to feed the flame,
Heard her loud shrieks that rent the echoing wood,
And, quickly following, by the mourner stood.
Before the sage the lady bent her low,
Dried her poor eyes, and strove to calm her woe.

With blessings on her hopes the blameless man
In silver tones his soothing speech began :
' The woes, the wrongs of Rama's banished Queen,
With more than mortal ken my soul hath seen.
But let not sorrow fill thy gentle breast ;
Thy father's halls again shall give thee rest.
Thy Lord the terror of the Worlds o'erthrew :
He is no boaster ; and his word is true.
For this I love him ; but for this I blame,
That he has doomed thee to this cruel shame.
Thy husband's sire was once my chosen friend ;
Thy father's arms the good from woe defend :
First of all faithful wives, O Queen, art thou ;
And can I fail to mourn thy sorrows now ?
Rest in this holy grove, nor harbour fear
Where dwell in safety e'en the timid deer.
Here shall thine offspring safely see the light,
And be partaker of each holy rite.
Here, near the hermits' dwellings, shalt thou lave
Thy limbs in Tonse's sin-destroying wave,
And on her isles, by prayer and worship, gain
Sweet peace of mind, and rest from care and pain.
Each hermit-maiden, with her sweet soft voice,
Shall soothe thy woe, and bid thy heart rejoice :
With fruit and early flowers thy lap shall fill,
And offer grain that springs for us at will.
And here, with labour light, thy task shall be
To water carefully each tender tree,
And learn how sweet a nursing mother's joy,
Ere on thy bosom rest thy darling boy.'

* * * * *
 That very night the banished Sita bare
 Two royal children, most divinely fair.

* * * * *
 The saint Valmiki, with a friend's delight,
 Graced Sita's offspring with each holy rite.
 Kusa and Lava—such the names they bore—
 Learnt, e'en in childhood, all the Vedas' lore ;
 And then the bard, their minstrel souls to train,
 Taught them to sing his own immortal strain.
 And Rama's deeds her boys so sweetly sang,
 That Sita's breast forgot her bitterest pang.

* * * * *
 Then Sita's children, by the saint's command,
 Sang the Ramayan, wandering through the land.
 How could the glorious poem fail to gain
 Each heart, each ear that listened to the strain !
 So sweet each minstrel's voice who sang the praise
 Of Rama deathless in Valmiki's lays.
 Rama himself amid the wondering throng
 Marked their fair forms, and loved the noble song,
 While, still and weeping, round the nobles stood,
 As on a windless morn, a dewy wood.
 On the two minstrels all the people gazed,
 Praised their fair looks and marvelled as they praised ;
 For every eye amid the throng could trace
 Rama's own image in each youthful face.
 Then spoke the King himself and bade them say
 Who was their teacher, whose the wondrous lay.
 Soon as Valmiki, mighty saint, he saw,
 He bowed his head in reverential awe.

**'These are thy children,' cried the saint, 'recall
Thine own dear Sita, pure and true through all.'
'O holy father,' thus the King replied,
'The faithful lady by the fire was tried ;
But the foul demon's too successful arts
Raised light suspicions in my people's hearts.
Grant that their breasts may doubt her faith no more,
And thus my Sita and her sons restore.'**

MOTHER AND SON.¹

Soon as the tents were reached, each royal chief
Found his sad widowed mother, bowed by grief ;
Like two fond creepers, left to pine alone,
Dead the fair tree round which their arms were thrown.
Then, as, in tender love, each hero prest
His long-lost mother to his throbbing breast,
Scarce could her eyes, with long long weeping dim,
See through her gushing tears, see even him :
But, as he fell upon her neck, she smiled,
And by his touch the mother knew her child.

¹ From the fourteenth canto of the *Raghuvansā*.

THE DESERTED CITY.¹

Seat of his rule, " 't was thus the form replied,
" The fair Ayodhya was thy father's pride :
Reft of her lord, thy city lies forlorn ;
And I, her Goddess, o'er her glories mourn.
Ah, for my palmy days ! My fate was high :
Kuvera's city was not blest as I.
The realm was happy ; and a joyful throng
Made my streets merry with the feast and song.
Sad is the sight, that city once so fair !
A hundred palaces lie ruined there :
Her lofty towers are fallen ; and creepers grow
O'er marble dome and shattered portico.
Now, since her heedless lord is far away,
She looks as gloomy as the close of day,
When falls the sun behind the western hill,
And threatening clouds the air with horror fill.
Once, with their tinkling zones and painted feet,
Gay bands of women thronged the royal street :
Now, through the night the hungry jackal prowls,
And seeks his scanty prey with angry howls.
Once there was music in the plashing wave
Of lakes, where maidens loved their limbs to lave ;

¹ This piece is taken from the sixteenth canto of the *Raghuvansā*. Kuśa, son of Rāma, has chosen a new capital, and deserted the capital of his ancestors, Ayodhyā, whose guardian Goddess appears and remonstrates.

But now those waters echo with the blows
Struck by the horns of savage buffaloes.
Once the tame peacock showed his glittering crest
' Mid waving branches, where he loved to rest :
The ruthless flame has laid those branches low,
And marred his feathers and their golden glow :
The drum is silent that he loved to hear,
And gone the mistress whom he held so dear.
Once on my marble floor girls loved to place
The painted foot, and leave its charming trace :
Now the fell tigress strains, with dripping gore
Of kids just slaughtered, that neglected floor.
Till now, as painted by the artist's hand,
The pictured elephants at pasture stand :
Each from his partner seems with love to take
The lotus, gathered by the silver lake :
So true to life, that lions, prowling round,
Spring at their foreheads with a furious bound,
And with their claws the painted temples tear,
As if the driver's steel had marked them there.
In those dear days, with tints of nature warm,
In marble statues lived fair woman's form :
Alas ! those tints are faded now, and dim,
And gathering dust obscures each rounded limb ;
While the cast skins of serpents form a vest
That hides the beauties of each statue's breast.
How sweet the moon-beams used, of old, to fall,
With silvering light, on terrace, roof, and wall !
But now, neglected, there the grass grows wild,
The roofs are shattered, and with dust defiled.

Pure shine those rays, and silvery, as of yore,
But find their light reflected there no more.
Once in my gardens lovely girls, at play,
Culled the bright flowers, and gently touched the spray ;
But now wild monkeys, in their savage joy,
Tread down the blossoms, and the plants destroy,
By night no torches in the windows gleam ;
By day no women in their beauty beam :
The smoke has ceased ; the spider there has spread
His snares in safety :—and all else is dead.”

THE LADIES' BATH.¹

" See, no more languid with the heat of day,
A hundred fair ones, all mine own, at play
In Sarju's waves, which, tinted with the dyes
That graced their bosoms, mock the evening skies,
When dark clouds roll along, and, rolling, show,
Upon their skirts, the lines of sunset's glow.
Stirred by their play, the gently rippling wave
Steals from their eyes the dye the pencil gave;
But quick the light of love and joy returns,
And each moist eye with brighter lustre burns.
See, as they revel in their merry sport,
Their bracelets' weight the girls can scarce support,
Well nigh o'erladen with their wealth of charms,—
Their broad full bosom, their voluptuous arms.
Look, how the flower that decked that lady's ear
Slips from her loosened hair, and, floating near
The river's bank, deceives the fish that feeds
On the sweet buds of trailing water-weeds.
To meet the wave, their heads the bathers bend,
And the large drops adown their cheeks descend :
You scarce can tell them from the pearls that deck—
So pure and bright are they—each lady's neck.
Now at one view I see the beauties there,
That poet-lôvers in their lays compare :

¹ From the sixteenth canto of the *Raghuvansâ*.

The curling ripples of the waves, that show
Her eye-brow's arching beauty, as they flow ;
The two fond love-birds, on the wave that rest
And the twin beauties of a lady's breast.
I hear the sound of plashing waves, that comes
Mixed with sweet singing, like the roll of drums.
The peacocks, listening on the shore, rejoice,
Spread their broad tails, and raise the answering voice.
Still the girls' jewelled zones are gleaming bright,
Like stars, when moonbeams shed their pearly light.
But now no more the melody can ring
Upon those waists, to which the garments cling.
Showing their graceful forms : the water fills
The bells that tinkled, and their music stills.
Look ! there a band of ladies, bolder grown,
O'er a friend's head a watery stream have thrown ;
And the drenched girl, her long black hair untied,
Wrings out the water with the sandal dyed.
* Still is their dress most lovely, though their play
Has loosed their locks, and washed the dye away,
And though the pearls, that wont their neck to grace,
Have slipped, disordered, from their resting-place."

II
FROM THE MAHÁBHÁRATA.

SAVITRI.

So passing fair the young Savitri grew,
That all adored her, but none thought to woo.
No lovelier nymph e'er left her native skies,
To dazzle mortals with her heavenly eyes ;
And how might e'en the proudest chieftain dare
To woo a Princess so divinely fair ?

His child, unsought in pride of maiden bloom,
Cast o'er her father's soul a shade of gloom.
“ My child,” he cried, “ I heard an ancient Sage
Read forth this text from Scripture's holy page :
' Shame on the son whose widowed mother prays
For aid from others in her lonely days.
Shame on the sire whose daughter mourns her fate,
Her hand unoffered, doomed to weep and wait.'
Now choose a bridegroom from some princely line,
Whose youth and beauty may be matched with thine.
Go forth, my child, and let thy worthy choice
Remove this shame, and make my soul rejoice.”

Her head she bowed, her eyes she downward cast,
Then, as he bade her, from his presence passed.
O'er many a plain her gold-bright car she drove,
Through field and forest, through the sacred grove ;
Greeting the sages whom she chanced to meet,
And pouring treasures at their holy feet.

Back to her father's halls the lady came,
Where the wise Narad, Saint of mighty fame,
Sitting in converse with her sire she found,
And bowed her head, in worship, to the ground.
" Say, dearest daughter," thus the monarch cried,
" What chief has won thee for his promised bride :
His name, his country, and his race declare ;
And pray the Saint to bless the princely pair."
In sweet soft accents thus the royal maid,
As 't were a God's, her sire's command obeyed :
" O'er his glad people, ere the evil day,
The lord of Salwa reigned with equal sway.
Just, good, and honoured for his virtues, Fame
Still loves to cherish Dyumatsena's name.
Hard was his fate, with sightless eyes to mourn
His ravished kingdom, friendless and forlorn.
Forth from his royal home, unkinged, he fled
Where his sad wife his trembling footsteps led ;
Then, in a grove, amid a distant wild,
He lived for Penance, with his wife and child.
There grew to manhood Satyavan, their son :
He is my bridegroom, he my chosen one."
" Ah ! " cried the Saint, " the maiden little knows
What grief that choice will bring, what bitter woes:
What though all graces and all gifts combined
Adorn his person and exalt his mind ;
Learned and patient, truthful, firm and wise,
And brave as Indra's self who rules the skies ;
Pious and dutiful, of lofty soul,
With every passion kept in due control ;

Gentle and modest, beautiful and strong,
The friend of virtue, and the foe of wrong ;
But, ah ! no virtue and no charm has power
To save the hero from the fated hour.
This day returning, when a year has fled,
Shall see that hero numbered with the dead."
" Go forth, dear daughter," cried the King, " again :
This blot is fatal, and thy choice is vain."
" No," cried the princess ; " once the die must fall ;
And the maid's love is given once for all.
Whether his days be many, or be few,
My heart has chosen, and my love is true."

Her heart was fixed, her purpose changeless still ?
And the King yielded to his daughter's will.
She married him she loved, nor mourned her lot,
To leave a palace for a hermit's cot.
Proud in her choice, no rising tear could dim
Her bright eyes, happy when she looked on him.
Her gentle limbs in hermit's garb were drest ;
No jewels sparkled on the lady's breast :
So meek, so lovely, with her tender care
She gained the heart of every dweller there.

·Nearer and nearer came that awful day
When ruthless fate must snatch her lord away.
It came. Unconscious of his doom he stood,
And smiled upon her ere he sought the wood.
She stayed his parting steps, and cried " Mine own,
I cannot leave thee. Go not forth alone.
And you, dear parents, let me go, I pray ;
I cannot bear to leave my lord to-day.

Ne'er from this garden have my footsteps strayed ;
I long to see the forest and the shade."

Her smiling lip a breaking heart belied :

She left the cottage at her husband's side.

" O see the peacocks," thus he cried, " unfold,

In glittering glory, all their green and gold ;

See that pure rivulet that wanders through

Beds of sweet flowers of every brilliant hue."

But still on him her anxious eye was bent,

While love and fear in twain her bosom rent.

He gathered fruit in many a tangled dell,
And mighty boughs beneath his hatchet fell.

His brow grew heated as he toiled amain,

And through his temples shot a sudden pain.

" Dearest," he cried, " such torture racks my head,
My limbs are weary, and my heart seems dead."

She sate, and laid his head upon her breast,
And, full of anguish, lulled her lord to rest.

Soon as she raised her eyes, with shuddering awe,
A fearful shape before her stand she saw.

Bright as the sun his fearful visage glowed,

And red like blood his wild apparel showed.

" Crowned like a king, he looked no earthly lord ;

He held no sceptre, but a noose of cord.

He stood terrific by her husband's side,

And with a look of fire the sleeper eyed.

Upon the ground she laid her husband's head,

Sprang up with suppliant hands, and trembling said

" In guise like thine no mortal shapes appear :

What God art thou, and wherefore art thou here ?"

“ Won by thy virtues, good and faithful dame,
I speak,” he answered, “ and declare my name.
Yama am I, the God of Death, whose sway
All creatures own that see the light of day.
His hour is come ; and I am here to bear
Far hence the spirit that I may not spare.
I could not leave so bright and pure a soul
To my fierce angels and their wild control.”
Thus Yama spoke, and, bending to the ground,
Fast in the noose the sleeper’s spirit bound.
Then lay the body motionless and dead,
All the grace vanished and the beauty fled.
Then Yama southward turned his steps ; and still
Savitri followed, with unchanging will.
“ Turn back, sweet lady, turn thy steps,” he cried :
“ Full well this day thy faith and love has tried.
Go, and at home his funeral rites prepare ;
No further duty claims thy tender care.”
“ The path he chooses, or by force is led,
Still will his wife,” she said, “ unflinching tread.
Still let me follow, if my fear of sin
And love of virtue may thy favour win.
Seven steps together given a sacred claim—
Thus say the wise—to friendship’s honoured name.”
“ Charmed by thy words,” he cried, “ a boon I give :
Ask what thou wilt, except that he may live.”
“ My husband’s sire,” she said, “ still mourns the day
That left him eyeless, to his foes a prey.
Grant that his realm may hail its rightful lord,
His glory doubled and his sight restored.”

"I grant thy prayer," he cried : " return, fair saint,
Lest thy limbs fail thee, and thy spirit faint."

"Can I be weary, when my lord is near?

"Lead on," she cried, "and still with favour hear.

The best religion is to injure nought

That lives on earth, in deed, or word, or thought :

This is religion ; and the good will show

Mercy and kindness to their bitter foe."

"Well hast thou said," cried Yama : "ask again,

And, save his life, thou shalt not ask in vain."

"Grant that a hundred sons of noble fame

May spread the glories of my father's name."

'T was thus she spoke. Nor Yama's voice delayed

To grant the boon the gentle lady prayed.

Once more he bade her go, nor longer stay,

So far the distance, and so rough the way.

"I know not distance, if my lord be by ;

No way is rough," she said, "if he be nigh.

Onward, still onward, speeds my eager mind ;

Still let my words a gracious hearing find.

Though, King of justice, offspring of the Sun,

Lookest with equal eye on every one.

Those who are wise will ever place their trust,

Not in themselves, but in the good and just.

Gladly to these their trusting love they give,

Whose loving kindness blesses all that live."

"Wise are thy words : ne'er yet spake woman so :

Ask once again," he said, "and homeward go."

"Grant me," she cried, "to my dear lord to bear

Sons strong, and virtuous, and brave, and fair."

"Yea, goodly sons," cried he, "thy halls shall throng :
Now go, sweet lady ; for the way is long."

"No, Yama, no ; the good, at duty's call,
Press firmly onward, and persist through all.
Though the heart languish, and the foot be weak,
Through toil and danger still their way they seek.
But, oh ! what comfort, in the hour of fear
If some good brother come, their road to cheer !
The good, prevailing by their truth and worth,
Guide the bright Day-God and uphold the earth :
The worlds for safety on the good rely ;
And the good faint not when the good are nigh."

"So sweet thy words are, I no more refuse
To grant," he said, "the boon that thou shalt choose."

"Now shall my soul be glad, my heart rejoice :
No limit now," she cried, "confines my choice.

All joys I spurn, when severed from my love,
All raptures here below, all bliss above.

Now, Yama, now the boon I long for give,
And let my Satyavan, my dearest, live."

Then answered YAMA : "O thou faithful wife,
For thy dear sake I grant thy husband's life.
Blest, very blest, with thee he long shall reign,
And, just and pious, fame and glory gain.
Thy children shall be kings ; and thou shalt be
Rich in the blessings that I promised thee."

The God departed ; and the lady sped
Back to the spot where lay her husband dead.
Over his side she bent, his hand she pressed,
And laid his head upon her beating breast.

Then life, returning, warmed once more his frame,
And sense and knowledge to their mansion came.
On her he gazed with fond and wondering eyes,
Like one who long has roamed 'neath distant skies,
And cried "How long have I been sleeping here?
Where is that shape that filled my soul with fear?
At early morn I left our home with thee;
This fruit I gathered, and I felled this tree;
Then, faint with toil, I sank upon thy breast:
This I remember: tell me all the rest.
Say, did I see, or sleeping fancy draw,
That swarthy form that fills me yet with awe?"
"Rise up," she answered, "from the chilly ground;
The shades of night are closing fast around:
See, the damp dew upon thy raiment fall;
At morn, my dearest, I will tell thee all.
Hark! the night-roaming beasts already prowl:
How my heart flutters at their angry howl!"
"Yes, dark and fearful is the wood," he cried;
"And how can I thy feeble footsteps guide?"
"A tree," she said, "stood burning, as we came.
The wind has fanned it, and I see the flame.
I'll fetch a brand, a fire to kindle here.
The wood is ready: grieve not, husband dear.
Still art thou weak. Then rest we here to-night,
And homeward go with morning's earliest light"
"The pain has left me, and my limbs are strong:
Come, let us haste," he said; "we stay too long.
Ne'er have I stayed from home so long away:
My mother mourns me since the close of day.

Think with what anguish she must weep and wait,
Who oft has fondly chid me : ' Why so late ?
Thou art our staff ; on thee our hopes depend ;
By thee we live ; with thee our lives must end.'
" Come dear, Savitri, let us now depart,
And, hastening homeward, cheer each grieving heart. "

Up sprang Savitri, bound her loosened hair,
And helped her lord to rise, with loving care.
When, as in hers her husband's hand she took,
She saw him sadly on the burthen look,
The loaded basket on her head she placed,
And tied the hatchet to her dainty waist.
By her supported, on her neck he leant,
And towards their home her guiding steps she bent.

In that sad home what anxious watch was kept !
How, with his sight restored, the hermit wept !
The aged parents, in their wild unrest,
Sought through the forest, weary and distress,
When the leaves rustled, as the breezes sighed,
" Hark ! 't is Savitri, and our boy," they cried.
Their naked feet, by brambles wounded, bled,
As through the tangled brake they onward sped.
There pitying hermits found the mourning pair,
And led them home, and sought to soothe their care.
There for a while their spirits were consoled
With stirring tales of warrior-kings of old ;
Till, minded thus of all their boy had done,
And all the glory that his youth had won,
They raised their bitter cry, " Alas ! my son, my son ! "

Oh ! rapturous moment, when the parents shed
Cool tears of joy o'er those they mourned as dead.
Scarce did they mark the heralds at the gate,
Who came to call them back to royal state.
"The tyrant-king," the herald cried, " is slain ;
The nation calls thee to thy throne again.
Thy praise is loud in every joyous street :
Come, honoured monarch to thy fathers' seat."
Gladly the king the people's call obeyed,
And hastened homeward, as the nation prayed.
Lord of that ancient kingdom, rich and fair,
He called Prince Satyavan his rule to share.
Then, in due time, as YAMA'S lips had sworn,
Of fair Savitri many a son was born ;
And noble brothers, brave and dear to fame,
Upheld the glories of her father's name

THE SUPPLIANT DOVE.

Chased by a hawk, there came a dove
With worn and weary wing,
And took her stand upon the hand
Of Kasi's¹ noble king.
The monarch smoothed her ruffled plumes,
And laid her on his breast ;
And cried, " No fear shall vex thee here,
Rest, pretty egg-born, rest !
Fair Kasi's realm is rich and wide,
With golden harvests gay,
But all that's mine will I resign
Ere I my guest betray."
But, panting for his half-won spoil,
The hawk was close behind,
And with wild eye and eager cry
Came swooping down the wind :
" This bird," he cried, " my destined prize,
'Tis not for thee to shield :
'Tis mine by right and toilsome flight
O'er hill and dale and field.
Hunger and thirst oppress me sore,
And I am faint with toil :
Thou shouldst not stay a bird of prey
Who claims his rightful spoil.

¹ Benares.

They say thou art a glorious king,
And justice is thy care ;
Then justly reign in thy domain,
Nor rob the birds of air.”
Then cried the king : “ A cow¹ or deer
For thee shall straightway bleed,
Or let a ram or tender lamb
Be slain, for thee to feed.
Mine oath forbids me to betray
My little twice-born guest :
See, how she clings, with trembling wings,
To her protector’s breast.”
“ No flesh of lambs,” the hawk replied,
“ No blood of deer for me ;
The falcon loves to feed on doves,
And such is Heaven’s decree.
But if affection for the dove
Thy pitying heart has stirred,
Let thine own esh my maw refresh,
Weighed down against the bird.”
He carved the flesh from off his side,
And threw it in the scale,
While women’s cries smote on the skies
With loud lament and wail,
He hacked the flesh from side and arm,
From chest and back and thigh,
But still above the little dove
The monarch’s scale stood high.

¹ I have retained the cow at the risk of hurting the feelings of some sensitive Hindus. This apologue was composed before the cow was sacrosanct.

He heaped the scale with piles of flesh,
With sinews, blood, and skin,
And when alone was left him bone
He threw himself therein.
Then thundered voices through the air ;
The sky grew black as night ;
And fever took the earth that shook
To see that wondrous sight.
The blessed Gods, from every sphere,
By Indra led, came nigh ;
While drum and flute and shell and lute
Made music in the sky.
They rained immortal chaplets down,
Which hands celestial twine,
And softly shed upon his head
Pure Amrit, drink divine.
Then God and Seraph, Bard and Nymph
Their heavenly voices raised,
And a glad throng with dance and song
The glorious monarch praised.
They set him on a golden car
That blazed with many a gem ;
Then swiftly through the air they flew,
And bore him home with them.
Thus Kasi's lord, by noble deed,
Won Heaven and deathless fame ;
And when the weak protection seek
From thee, do thou the same.

TRUE GLORY.

To whom is glory justly due ?
To those who pride and hate subdue ;
Who, 'mid the joys that lure the sense,
Lead lives of holy abstinence ;
Who, when reviled, their tongues restrain
And, injured, injure not again ;
Who ask of none, but freely give
Most liberal to all that live ;
Who toil unresting through the day,
Their parents' joy and hope and stay ;
Who welcome to their homes the guest,
And banish envy from their breast ;
With reverent study love to pore
On precepts of our sacred lore ;
Who work not, speak not, think not sin,
In body pure and pure within ;
Whom avarice can ne'er mislead
To guilty thought or sinful deed ;
Whose fancy never seeks to roam
From the dear wives who cheer their hom
Whose hero souls cast fear away
When battling in a rightful fray ;
Who speak the truth with dying breath
Undaunted by approaching death,
Their lives illumed with beacon light
To guide their brothers' steps aright ;

Who loving all, to all endeared,
Fearless of all by none are feared ;
To whom the world with all therein,
Dear as themselves, is more than kin ;
Who yield to others, wisely meek,
The honours which they scorn to seek ;
Who toil that rage and hate may cease,
And lure embittered foes to peace ;
Who serve their God, the laws obey,
And earnest, faithful, work and pray ;
To these, the bounteous, pure, and true,
Is highest glory justly due.

MARRIAGE.

Thrice blest are they with joy and peace
Whom marriage bonds unite,
Who see their home in wealth increase,
And share each holy rite.

The Wife is half the man: a friend,
The wisest, truest, best ;
On her, wealth, virtue, joy, depend,
And hopes of heavenly rest.

Call her, thy children's mother, Wife,
Who tends thy house with skill,
Who loves thee as her lord and life,
And joys to do thy will.

She comforts thee with gentle speech,
And all a mother's care,
Teaching, as pious fathers teach,
Religion, praise, and prayer.

Happy the man who, worn and tried
By life's hard thorny way,
Can find this angel by his side,
His comfort, guide, and stay.

III
FRAGMENTS

THE RAINS¹

Who is this that driveth near,
Heralded by sounds of fear ?
Red his flag, the lightning's glare
Flashing through the murky air :
Pealing thunder for his drums,
Royally the monarch comes.
See, he rides, amid the crowd,
On his elephant of cloud,
Marshalling his kingly train :
Welcome, O thou Lord of Rain !
Gathered clouds as black as night
Hide the face of heaven from sight,
Sailing on their airy road,
Sinking with their watery load,
Pouring down a flood of tears ;
Pleasant music to our ears.
Woe to him whose love's away :
He must mourn, while all are gay.
Every cooling drop that flows
Swells the torrent of his woes.
If he raise his tearful eye,
Indra's Bow, that spans the sky,

¹ Freely translated from the *Ritu-Samhāra*, or *The Seasons*, a pretty little poem ascribed to Kālidāsa.

Strung with lightning, hurls a dart
Piercing through his lonely heart :
For the clouds, in fancy's dream,
Belted with the lightning's gleam,
Conjure up the flashing zone
Of the maid he calls his own ;
And the lines of glory there
Match the gems she loves to wear.
Earth, what dame has gems like thine,
When thy golden fire-flies shine ?
When thy buds of emerald green
Deck the bosom of their Queen ?
Look upon the woods, and see
Bursting with new life each tree.
Look upon the river side,
Where the fawns in lilies hide.
See the peacocks hail the rain,
Spreading wide their jewelled train :
They will revel, dance, and play
In their wildest joy to-day.
What delight our bosom fills,
As we gaze upon the hills,
Where those happy peacocks dance,
And the silver streamlets glance,
And the clouds, enamoured, rest,
Like a crown, upon the crest
Of that hill that fainting lay
'Neath the burning summer ray,
While the freshening streams they shed
Glorify his woody head.

Bees, that round the lily throng,
Soothe us with their drowsy song :
Towards the lotus-bed they fly ;
But the peacock, dancing by,
Spreads abroad his train so fair,
That they cling, deluded, there.

Oh, that breeze ! his breath how cool !
He has fanned the shady pool :
He has danced with bending flowers,
And kissed them in the jasmine bowers
Every sweetest plant has lent
All the riches of its scent
And the cloud who loves him flings
Cooling drops upon his wings.

AUTUMN

Welcome, Autumn, lovely bride, .
Full of beauty, full of pride!¹
Hear her anklets' silver ring :
'T is the swans that round her sing.
Mark the glory of her face :
'T is the lotus lends it grace.
See the garb around her thrown ;
Look and wonder at her zone.
Robes of maize her limbs enfold,
Girt with rice like shining gold.
Streams are white with silver wings
Of the swans that Autumn brings :
Lakes are sweet with opening flowers,
Gardens, gay with jasmine bowers ;
While the woods, to charm the sight,
Show their bloom of purest white.
Vainly might the fairest try
With the charms around to vie.
How can India's graceful daughter
Match that Swan upon the water ?
Fair her arching brow above
Swimming eyes that melt with love :
But that charming brow can never
Beat that ripple on the river ;

¹ See the footnote on page 131.

And those eyes must still confess
Lilies' rarer loveliness.
Perfect are those rounded arms,
Aided by the bracelets' charms :
Fairer still those branches are,
And those creepers, better far,
Ring them round with many a fold,
Lovelier than gems and gold.
Look upon that beauteous girl,
Coral-lipped, and toothed with pearl :
See the lily and the rose :
Teeth and lips must yield to those.

Now no more doth Indra's Bow
In the evening sun-light glow,
Nor his flag, the lightning's glare,
Flash across the murky air ;
Nor the cranes in armies fly,
Steering through the cloudy sky ;
Nor the peacocks lift the head :
Love and joy for them are fled.
Love from them is fled, and they
Care no more to dance and play :
Love has sought the swans, who glide
Sweetly singing down the tide.
Beauty too has left the trees
Which but now were wont to please :
Other darlings claim her care ;
And she pours her blossoms there.

Now beneath the moonlight sweet
Many troops of maidens meet :

Many a pleasant tale they tell
Of the youths that love them well ;
Of the word, the flush, the glance,
The sigh, the kiss, the dalliance.

Ah! for him whom cruel fate
Keeps afar, disconsolate !
Nature's very loveliness
But embitters his distress.
Hapless youth, each fairest scene
Bids him think on what has been.
Lotus-blossoms cause a sigh,
Like, too like her beaming eye ;
And the tear of anguish flows,
As he gazes on the rose,
Pining for remembered bliss,
And the lips he loved to kiss.
Hark ! the swan's wild music swells
But, to him, the tinkling bells
Of the zone she used to wear
Ring in mockery through the air.

Not a youth can wonder, when
Jasmine blossoms scent the glen,
While the notes of many a bird
From the garden shades are heard,
And the lotus-eyes of deer
Mildly through the covert peer,
But his melting soul must feel
Sweetest longing o'er it steal.
Not a maid can brush away
Morning dew-drops from the spray,

But she feels a sweet unrest
Woingly disturb her breast,
As the breezes, fresh and cool,
From the lilies on the pool,
Sweet with all the fragrance there,
Play, like lovers, with her hair.

FEED THE POOR

If thou would win the dear reward
Which only virtue earns,
Waste not thy wealth upon the lord
Who gift for gift returns.
Not with the rich thy treasures share ;
Give aid to those who need ;
And, with the gold thy wants can spare,
The poor and hungry feed.
Be sure that those who would receive
Deserve and crave thy care ;
And ponder, ere thy hands relieve,
The how, and when, and where.

—*Hitopadesa*

THE WISE SCHOLAR

I hold that scholar truly wise
Who schools his heart and lips and eyes :
Who can as worthless clay behold
The treasures of another's gold :
Who looks upon his neighbour's wife
As upon her who gave him life :
Who feels as for himself for all
That live on earth, both great and small.

—*Hitopadesa*.

WORKS BY RAI BAHADUR SRIS CHANDRA VASU.

THE ASTADHYAYI OF PANINI

Complete in 1862 pages, Royal Octavo.

*Containing Sanskrit Sutras and Vrittis with notes and explanations
in English, based on the celebrated Commentary
called the Kasika.*

PRICE FOR THE COMPLETE WORK.

Indian	Rs. 45 0 0
Foreign	£ 3 0 0

The Right Hon'ble F. Max Müller, Oxford, 9th February 1892.—
“* * * From what I have seen of it it will be a very useful work.
What should I have given for such a work forty years ago when
I puzzled my head over Pānini's Sutras and the Commentaries. * *
I hope you may succeed in finishing your work.”

The Right Hon'ble F. Max Müller, Oxford 30th April 1899.—“* *
Allow me to congratulate you on your successful termination of
Panini's Grammar. It was a great undertaking, and you have done
your part of the work most admirably. I say once more what
should I have given for such an edition of Panini when I was young,
and how much time would it have saved me and others. Whatever
people may say, no one knows Sanskrit, who does not know Panini.”

Professor T. Jolly, Ph. D. Wurzburg (Germany), 23rd April 1893.—
“* * Nothing could have been more gratifying to me no doubt,
than to get hold of a trustworthy translation of Panini's Ashtadhyāyī,
the standard work of Sanskrit literature, and I shall gladly do my
best to make this valuable work known to lovers and students of
the immortal literature of ancient India in this country.”

Professor W. D. Whitney, New Haven, U. S. A., 17th June 1893.—
“* * The work seems to me to be very well planned and executed,
doing credit to the translator and publisher. It is also, in my
opinion, a very valuable undertaking as it does give the European
student of the native grammar more help than he can find anywhere
else. It ought to have a good sale in Europe (and correspondingly
in America.)”

Professor V. Fausboil, Copenhagen, 15th June, 1893.—“* * It
appears to me to be a splendid production of Indian industry and
scholarship and I value it particularly on account of the extracts
from the Kasika.”

Professor Dr. R. Pischel, Hlale (Saale), 27th May 1893.—“* * I
have gone through it and find it an extremely valuable and useful
book, all the more so as there are very few Sanskrit scholars in
Europe who understand Panini.

**PANINI OFFICE, BHUVANESWARI ASRAMA, BAHADURGUNJ,
ALLAHABAD.**

WORKS BY RAI BAHADUR SRIS CHANDRA VASU.

THE SIDDHANTA KAUMUDI

Or Panini's Grammatical Aphorisms as arranged and explained

By BHATTOJI DIKSITA

Sanskrit Text and English Translation

By SRISA CHANDRA VASU and VAMANA DASA VASU

Complete in three Volumes in 2400 pages, Royal 8vo.

CONTENTS

VOLUME I—Name and Substantives, pages 1028.

Do. II—Part I. Verbs and their Conjugation, pages 714.

**Do. II— „ II. Kridanta or making of nouns from roots,
pages 408.**

Do. III—Vaidika Grammar, pages 247.

It contains 4,000 Sutras of Panini, 900 Sutras of Sakatayana (Unadi), 200 Sutras on accent (Phit Sutras), 2,000 verbal roots and their conjugation incorporating the whole of the Madhaviya Dhatu-vritti with copious explanatory extracts from Kasika, Mahabhasya, Tattvabodhini, Manorama, &c., &c.

Indian rate, exclusive of postage, Rs. 45.

Foreign rate, exclusive of postage, £ 3.

“ This is a standard work on Sanskrit grammar, and Sanskrit scholars spend at least a dozen years in mastering its intricacies. * * It may be mentioned that the Oriental Translation Fund of England advertised about three quarters of a century ago as under preparation the English translation of the Siddhanta Kaumudi by Professor Horace Hayman Wilson. But perhaps he found the work too laborious for him, for the advertised translation was never published. —(*The Indian Mirror, The Hindoo and the Indian People.*)

**Index to Panini's Sutras, Dhâtupâtha, Unâdi and Phit
Sutras. Price Re. 1. 8 as.**

**PANINI OFFICE, BHUVANESWARI ASRAMA, BAHADURGUNJ,
ALLAHABAD.**

WORKS BY RAI BAHADUR SRIS CHANDRA VASU.

The Sacred Books of the Hindus, Vol. I, Isa, Kena, Katha, Prasna, Mundaka and Mandukya Upanisads, translated into English with Madhva's commentary and copious explanatory and critical notes. Cloth, Silver letters, Price Rs. 5.

Dr. J. Jolly, Professor of Sanskrit, University of Wurzburg, Bavaria, " * * the translation * * does its author every credit."

Mr. J. N. Farquahar, in his *Primer of Hinduism*, refers to this book as "very useful for beginners."

The *Indian Mirror*, the well-known oldest daily of Calcutta, in its issue of Saturday, the 18th September, 1909, writes :—

"The Panini Office, Allahabad, is to be congratulated on the production of this sumptuous volume of the six well-known Upanishads which have been published with the original text, Sanskrit-English vocabulary of all the words in the text in their *Pada* form, English translation of the text and Madhva's Commentary, together with copious explanatory notes by the translator, Babu Sris Chandra Vasu, the well-known Sanskrit scholar of European and American reputation. Madhva was the founder of the Dvaita School of the Vedanta philosophy, and it is for the first time that his interpretation of the Upanishads has been made known to the English-reading public. The translation has been excellently made. It is readable and not wooden-legged which unhappily is often the case with translation by European Sanskrit scholars who, moreover, do not thoroughly understand the meaning of Sanskrit phrases. * * * We recommend this new undertaking of the Panini Office to our educated countrymen for patronage, for it is an attempt to make the treasures of Hindu thought buried in Sanskrit, accessible to English-knowing public; and hence it deserves every possible encouragement."

The Sacred Books of the Hindus, Vol. II, Part I, Yajnavalkya Smṛiti, with the Commentary, Mitaksara and notes from the gloss Balambhatti; translated into English. Price Re. 1. 8 As.

The *Allahabad Law Journal*, for December 3rd, 1909, writes :—"It is clear that the work of translation could not have been placed in more capable hands and judging from the first instalment which has been published, we have no hesitation in saying that the work has been very well done. The first part deals with the sources of Hindu Law and the duties of a religious student. The lawyer will find much that is interesting in the first chapter on the sources of law. There is much interesting matter and much food for thought in Mr. Vasu's book and as the translator has taken good care to print the original text (with annotations) of Yajnavalkya's *Smṛiti* and *Vijñānesvara's* commentary, a student of Sanskrit can easily test the accuracy of the translation. It goes without saying that no serious

PANINI OFFICE, BHUVANESWARI ASRAMA, BAHADURGUNJ, ALLAHABAD.

WORKS BY RAI BAHADUR SRIS CHANDRA VASU.

student of Hindu Law can afford to overlook Mr. Vasu's valuable contribution to the legal literature of the country."

The Hon'ble Mr. Justice Sir N. G. Chandavarkar, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Bombay, writes :—" The translation of the Mitâkṣara is quite faithful to the original and excellent."

The Sacred Books of the Hindus, Vol. III, The Chhandogya Upanisad, translated into English with Madhva's commentary and copious explanatory and critical notes. Cloth, gilt letters, Price Rs. 12.

The Sacred Books of the Hindus, Vol. V, The Vedanta Sūtras of Bādarāyana, translated into English with Govinda Bhāṣya of Baladeva and copious explanatory and critical notes. Cloth, gilt letters, Price Rs. 16.

The Modern Review for September 1912, writes :—" An excellent edition of the philosophy."

Siva Saṁhita, translated into English. Price 8 As.

An easy Introduction to Yoga Philosophy, Price 8 as.

" Is a very ably written pamphlet by Babu Sris Chandra Vasu, B.A. It is very useful for propaganda work, especially for Bengal and North-Western Provinces. As the price is only one anna, or Rs. 5 per one hundred copies, intending propagandists will do well to distribute this among their friends and respective communities."—*The Theosophy in India.*

Students Edition of the Katha Upanisad. Price 8 as.

The Three Truths of Theosophy. Price 1 anna.

" Is an earnest endeavour to bring the truths of Yoga Philosophy within reach of the general reader ; while serving as a convenient hand-book for ready reference for learners and teachers alike."—*The Central Hindu College Magazine, June 1904.*

The right of Wahabis to pray in the same mosque with the Sunnis. An important judgment on a very disputed question of Muhammadan Law. Price Rs. 2.

The Compass of Truth, being the English translation of Risala-i-Haq-numa, by Prince Muhammad Dara Shikoh. Price 8 annas.

[Ready for the Press].

Catechism of Hinduism.

2nd Edition, Revised and Enlarged.

WORKS BY RAI BAHADUR SRIS CHANDRA VASU.

**THE
DAILY PRACTICE OF THE HINDUS**

*Contains the morning and mid-day duties. 2nd Edition,
revised and enlarged.*

Price Re. 1-4.

The Central Hindu College Magazine for July 1909, in reviewing this book, writes :—

“This is a valuable and yet easily read book that we can keep on hand, to refresh our minds about the truths underlying the daily practice when custom is blunting the perception of the meaning of the recitations we have been taught to address to the Gods, to the Guru and to the Self. As the author puts it : ‘these practices will keep alive in us the memory that we are not only physical beings owing duties to our family, kinsmen, guests and out-castes, as well as to beasts and birds, but that we are spiritual beings as well, owing duties to the various grades of spiritual entities—Pitris, Devas, etc., at the same time we shall learn the laws of health and good living.’ We strongly recommend the book to all our readers not yet acquainted with it ; therein they may find explanations of points of daily ceremonial that may have puzzled them, for the author is enlightened as well as learned, and we also owe to him translations from the Sanskrit of works of Hindu philosophy.”

Dr. Coomaraswamy, in reviewing this work, in the *Ceylon National Review*, wrote :—

“This unpretentious little volume is one of quite remarkable interest and importance. For the first time it is made easy for the outsider to understand, from an actual acquaintance, with the daily ritual of a devout Hindu of the old school, the meaning, the method and the depth of Hindu spiritual culture.”

“We strongly recommend this little volume to all interested in mental culture, or who wish to know more of Hinduism as it really is.”

**PANINI OFFICE, BHUVANESWARI ASRAMA, BAHADURGUNJ,
ALLAHABAD.**

WORKS BY RAI BAHADUR SRIS CHANDRA VASU.

FOLK-TALES OF HINDUSTAN

BY
SHAIKH CHILLI.

Cloth, gilt letters. Price Re. 1. 12 as.

The REVIEW OF REVIEWS of London writes:—
“Stories of a type that recall the delightful romances of the Arabian Nights.”

FOLKLORE of London for June 30th, 1909, in review of this work from the pen of Mr. M. Longworth Dames, I.C.S. (Retd.), writes:—

“The stories are told in good English. * * *. The stories are excellent examples of the tales of wonder, adventure, and enchantment that circulate throughout the Moham-medan world. * * *. That town of Janjal Nagari in the Land of Darkness is a sort of Gotham with features suggesting Laputa, and the continuation of extreme folly with philosophical disputation is very effective. The more elaborate stories are all good of their class, and ‘The Seven Princes,’ ‘Vikram and the Faqir,’ and ‘Prince Mahbub’ are well worthy of association with our old favorites from Alif Laila.

“It is to be hoped that Shaikh Chilli will continue his collections, and make known to the world some more gems from his treasure-house.”

This work has been recommended by the Directors of Public Instruction, United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, Punjab and Central Provinces, as a book suitable for the Libraries of Colleges and High Schools. The Educational Department of Bengal as well as of the Baroda State has purchased copies of this work for the use of the Schools in those territories.

PANINI OFFICE, BHUVANESWARI ASRAMA, BAHADURGUNJ,
ALLAHABAD.

THE ENGLISH WORKS OF RAJA RAM MOHAN ROY

*With an English translation of Tuhutful Muwahhida-
din (His Arabic-Persian pamphlet.)*

This edition also contains some additional letters, an Introduction and 4 illustrations. Cr. 8vo., pages 1008. Cloth. Gilt-lettered. Price Rs. 5, Postage extra.

CONTENTS

Biographical Sketch of the Author. Introduction. Translation of an abridgment of the Vedanta. Translation of the Mundakopani-
shad. Translation of the Kathopanishad. Translation of the Isopa-
nishad. Divine Worship by means of the Gayatri. A Defence of
Hindu Theism. A Second Defence of the Monotheistical System of
the Vedas. An apology for the Pursuit of Final Beatitude. Reli-
gious instructions founded on sacred authorities. The Brahmanical
Magazine. Answer of a Hindu, &c. Translation of a Sanskrit Tract
on Different Modes of Worship. Humble Suggestions, &c. The Trust-
deed of the Brahmo Samaj. Autobiographical Sketch. Introduction,
&c. Preliminary Remarks—Brief Sketch of the Ancient and Modern
Boundaries and History of India. Questions and Answers on the
Judicial System of India. Questions and Answers on the Revenue
System of India. A paper on the Revenue System of India. Addition-
al Queries, respecting the condition of India. Appendix. Remarks
on Settlement in India by Europeans. Translation of a conference
between an Advocate for, and an Opponent of, the practice of Burn-
ing Widows Alive; from the original Bengali. A second conference
between an Advocate for, and an Opponent of, the practice of Burn-
ing Widows Alive. Abstract of the Arguments regarding the Burning
of Widows, considered as a Religious Rite. Brief Remarks regarding
Modern Encroachments on the Ancient Rights of Females, according
to the Hindoo Law of Inheritance. Essay on the Rights of Hindus
over Ancestral Property according to the Law of Bengal:
Appendix: Hindoo Law of Inheritance. Petition against the Press
Regulations: (1) to the Supreme Court, and (2) to the King in
Council. A letter to Lord Amherst on English Education. Address
to Lord William Bentinck. Anti-Suttee Petition to the House of
Commons. The Precepts of Jesus, the Guide to Peace and Happiness.
An Appeal to the Christian Public in Defence of the Precepts of
Jesus. Final Appeal to the Christian Public in Defence of the Pre-
cepts of Jesus. Second Appeal to the Christian Public in Defence
of the Precepts of Jesus. A letter on the Prospects of Christianity.
The Common Basis of Hindooism and Christianity. A Dialogue
between a Missionary, and Three Chinese Converts. Speeches and
Letters. Petition to Government against the Resumption of Lakheraj
Land. A Present to the Believers in one God. Index.

PANINI OFFICE, BHUVANESWARI ASRAMA, BAHADURGUNJ,
ALLAHABAD.

**THE
PRIVATE JOURNAL
OF THE
MARQUESS OF HASTINGS**

A VERY INTERESTING WORK

Cloth, Gilt letters, Rs. 3, Postage extra.

OPINIONS

Prof. Jadunath Sarkar, M.A., Premchand Roychand Scholar, writes in the Modern Review:—The Panini Office deserves the thanks of the public for placing before them a reprint of this very interesting work at about a quarter of the price of the original. The paper is fairly thick. The misprints are remarkably few. This candid picture of India ninety-four years ago, has interest not only for the student of history and of manners, but also for the traveller, the *shikari*, and the natural historian, Lord Hastings's notes on animals being of no small value. A very pleasing light is thrown on the great pro-consul's character when we see him strictly enjoining that no harm should be done by his camp-followers to the villagers on the way, almost weeping to see that banana trees had been uprooted and used in lining his route, being visibly touched at the silent but respectful welcome of the crowds of Indians on his return to Calcutta, or breaking down at the inevitably parting from the dear ones who must be sent Home to escape the heat of the land of exile. We see in his dealings with native princes that he was a gentleman above everything else; we wonder that it was left for him to discover that in ruling subject races sympathy is the best policy. Comic touches are not wanting.

The Indian Review.—A great deal of valuable information is to be found in this *Journal*. * * * In all his political dealings in India, His Lordship was actuated by a high sense of duty and morality.

This work has been recommended by the Directors of Public Instruction, Bengal, Eastern Bengal and Assam, United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, and Bombay, for the Libraries of Colleges and Schools. The Director of Public Instruction, Bombay, has been pleased to publish the following notification in "*Indian Education*":—"The Private Journal of the Marquess of Hastings, reprinted by the 'Panini Office', Allahabad, Price Rs. 3 per copy, is recommended as a book suitable for the Libraries of Colleges and High Schools in this Presidency."

(Sd.) W. H. SHARP,

Director of Public Instruction.

**PANINI OFFICE, BHUVANESWARI ASRAMA, BAHADURGUNJ,
ALLAHABAD.**

THE IDYLLS FROM THE SANSKRIT

BY

RALPH T. H. GRIFFITH, M.A., C.I.E.,

LATE PRINCIPAL, QUEEN'S COLLEGE,
BENARES.

With his portrait and biographical sketch,

BY

MAHAMAHOPADHYAYA

PANDIT ADITYARAM BHATTACHARYA, M.A.

(CLOTH, GILT LETTERS.)

Price—Two Rupees only.



BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

SCENES

FROM

THE RAMAYANA

(CLOTH, GILT LETTERS.)

Price—One Rupee and Eight Annas only.

PANINI OFFICE, BHUVANESWARI ASRAMA, BAHADURGUNJ,
ALLAHABAD.

**NO STUDENT OF SANSKRIT CAN DO WITHOUT
MAX MULLER'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT
SANSKRIT LITERATURE**

**Cheap reprint of this valuable work—long
out of print—has been published
by the Panini office.**

PRICE SIX RUPEES ONLY

“Too well-known to require any introduction. Every public library and every Sanskritist and historian ought to have a copy.”—(The “Modern Review” for May 1912).

“‘THE PANINI OFFICE,’ Allahabad, deserve praise for their enterprise in publishing an accurate and neat reprint of the late Professor Max Müller’s classical work—*A History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, first published in 1859. Though it is now fifty-three years since it saw the light, it has defied the course of time and is even to-day acknowledged as a standard work on Vedic literature. For many years it has been out of print and has fetched fabulous prices. We, therefore, welcome the new edition and commend it to the students of the subject.”—(The “Hindustan Review” for May-June 1912.)

**PANINI OFFICE, BHUVANESWARI ASRAMA, BAHADURGUNJ,
ALLAHABAD.**

Works by Prof. Benoy Kumar Sarkar, M.A.

Just Published by Messrs. LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., of England.

The Science of History and the Hope of Mankind.

I. IN PREPARATION:—

1. **Sukraniti**—Śukrâchârya's system of Morals,—(Social, Economic and Political)—rendered into English with Introduction and notes for the Sacred Books of the Hindus Series published by the Panini Office, Allahabad.
2. **Raja Tarangini**—The Annals of Kashmir by the poet-historian Kalhan, rendered into Bengali.

II. IN BENGALI:—

1. **Sâdhanâ**—Miscellaneous Essays (In the Press).
2. **Problems in Education** (In the Press).
8. **Siksha Vijñan** or The Science of Education and the Inductive Method of Teaching Series,—10 volumes already published, others in preparation. Sahitya Sevi.

III. IN ENGLISH:—

The Aids to General Culture Series—6 volumes already published.

IV. TRANSLATION OF Prof. SARKAR'S WORKS:—

1. **ENGLISH**—Introduction to the Science of Education (In the Press in England).
2. **HINDI**—(i) National Education in Ancient Greece.
(ii) The Man of Letters (Sahitya Sevi.)

शिक्षाविज्ञान

१—भूमिका, मूल्य १/२ । श्रीयुक्त हरीन्द्रनाथ दत्त, एम. ए., बी. एल. प्रेम-चांद रायचांद स्कालरिस् भूमिका सहित ।

Says the Modern Review (October 1910):—"Services to the cause of EDUCATIONAL REFORM and we recommend this Introduction to our teachers for perusal."

PANINI OFFICE, BHUVANESWARI ASRAMA, BAHADURGUNJ, ALLAHABAD.

२—प्रथम विभाग प्रथम खण्ड—प्राचीन ग्रीसेर जातीय शिक्षा—

मूल्य १) । कलिकाता विश्वविद्यालयेर अधीनस्थ कालेजसमूहेर इन्स्पेक्टर अध्यापक श्रीयुत विनयेन्द्रनाथ सेन, एम. ए. कर्तृक लिखित भूमिकासहित । बङ्गीय साहित्य-परिषत् प्रथम संस्करणेर स्वत्वाधिकारी ।

३—तृतीय विभाग प्रथम खण्ड—भाषा-शिक्षा, मूल्य ॥=)

४—,, ,, द्वितीय खण्ड—संस्कृत-शिक्षा, चारिभागे विभक्त, मूल्य ३॥) ।

५—,, ,, तृतीय खण्ड—इंराजी. शिक्षा, मूल्य २॥) ।

Extract from the Foreword by Dr. Brajendra Nath Seal, M. A., Ph. D. :—“Based on sound and advanced ideas of educational science * * His brochure on the *Study of Language* * * useful summary of present-day ideas on the subject. * * *Lessons on English and Sanskrit* are an improvement on existing guides and handbooks. Professor Sarkar's programme is certainly an ambitious one, but he is fully qualified to carry it out, and there is no doubt that it will be found to be a healthy and stimulating force in the Indian educational world of to-day.”

Letter from Mahamahopadhyaya Pandit Adityaram Bhattacharya, M. A., Late Professor of Sanskrit Literature, Muir Central College, Fellow, Allahabad University.

“I write this in my appreciation of your effort to facilitate and popularise the study of Sanskrit. Your method to teach Sanskrit without the learner's going through a first course of grammar merits trial.

“The old method has done its part so long and will remain inevitable in the case of higher and thorough study. But if quicker method of acquiring language, living or dead, be discovered and introduced, humanity will bless him whose inventive genius can succeed to achieve the object which every well-wisher of learning has at heart.

“At the very outset the attempt looks somewhat revolutionary. But in other fields it is such revolutionary departures from the old track that has hastened the advance of arts and sciences.”

Meghaduta, translated in English verse by S. C. Sarkar, M.A., P. O. S., with critical and explanatory notes, &c. Price—12 annas.

The Sacred Books of the Hindus

Translated by various Sanskrit Scholars.

Edited by MAJOR B. D. BASU, I.M.S. (retired.)

Professor Max Müller rendered an important service to the cause of comparative theology by the publication of the "Sacred Books of the East." The 49 volumes in that series represent the most important scriptures of the principal nations of Asia. Of these, 21 are translations of Sanskrit works. But still some of the most important sacred books of the Hindus have not been published in that series.

It is the duty of every faithful and true votary of Hinduism to do all that lies in his power to make known the contents of his sacred books to the world at large and to his fellow brethren in faith in India. It is not too much to say that a very large number of English educated Hindus, unacquainted with Sanskrit, possess very little knowledge of their sacred scriptures. So, while the Christian and the Mohamman are well acquainted with their religious scriptures, the Hindu alone is ignorant of his sacred books.

To remove this want, the Pânini Office has been publishing in monthly parts, since July 1909, the original texts of the sacred books together with their English translations.

The annual subscription is Rs. 12 as. 12, inclusive of postage.

Dr. J. Jolly, Ph. D., Hon. Litt. D., Oxford, Professor of Sanskrit, University of Wurzburg, Bavaria, writes :—"I take a special interest in this new series of the Sacred Books of the Hindus, trusting that it will be a success such as Max Muller's series of the Sacred Books of the East has been. Yours, I gather, is an essentially patriotic undertaking. It will help to promote the interest in things Indian, in Indian learning and Indian religion, both in your country and in Europe.

**PANINI OFFICE, BHUVANESWARI ASRAMA, BAHADURGUNJ,
ALLAHABAD.**

The Sacred Books of the Hindus

ALREADY PUBLISHED

Vol I.—Upanisads—The Isa, Kena, Katha, Prasna, Mundaka, and Mandukya Upanisads with Madhva's commentary, translated into English, with copious explanatory notes by Rai Bahadur Srisa Chandra Vasu. Cloth bound, silver letters. Second Edition, Price Rs. 5.

Vol. II.—Yajnavalkya Smriti with the commentary Mitaksara and notes from the gloss of Balambhatti, translated into English with copious explanatory notes by Rai Bahadur Srisa Chandra Vasu. This work is indispensable to all Indian lawyers.

Part I.—Mitaksara with Balambhatti, two chapters.

Price—One Rupee and eight annas. Ditto, Sanskrit Text, Rs. 2.

Vol. III.—The Chhandogya Upanisad with Madhva's Bhasya, translated into English with copious explanatory notes by Rai Bahadur Srisa Chandra Vasu. Cloth bound, gilt letters. Price Rs. 12.

Vol. IV.—Aphorisms of Yoga by Patanjali, with the commentary of Vyasa and the gloss of Vachaspati Misra : by Rama Prasada, M.A., cloth bound, silver letters, Rs. 5.

Vol. V.—The Vedanta Sutras with Baladeva's Commentary translated into English with copious explanatory notes by Rai Bahadur Srisa Chandra Vasu. Cloth, gilt letters. Price Rs. 16.

Vol. VI.—The Vaisesika Sutras of Kanada with the Commentary of Sankara Misra and extracts from the gloss of Jayanarayana. Translated by Nanda Lal Sinha, M.A., B.L. Cloth, silver letters. Price Rs. 7.

Vol. VII.—The Bhakti Sastra, containing Sutras of Narada and Sandilya, and Bhaktiratnavali of Visṇu Puri. Translated into English by Nanda Lal Sinha, M.A., B.L., Manmatha Nath Pāl, B.A., B.L., and a retired Professor of Sanskrit respectively. Cloth, gilt letters. Price Rs. 7.

Vol. VIII.—The Nyaya Sutras of Gotama, translated into English with an original Commentary by Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. Satis Chandra Vidyabhusan, M.A., Ph.D., Principal Sanskrit College Calcutta. Part I. Price 1 Re. 8 as.

Vol. IX.—The Garuda Purana translated into English by Earnest Wood. Cloth, gilt letters. Price Rs. 3-8.

Vol. X.—The Mimamsa Sutras of Jaimini, translated into English with an original commentary, by Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. Ganga Nath Jha, M.A., D. Litt. Parts 1, 2 and 3. Price Rs. 4-8.

Vol. XI.—The Samkhya Pravachana Sutra with the Vritti of Aniruddha, and the Bhasya of Vijnana Bhikṣu and extracts from the Vritti-Sara of Mahadeva Vedantin, translated by Nandalal Sinha, M.A., B.L., Deputy Magistrate, Bihār. Part I. Price Re. 1. 8 as.

**PANINI OFFICE, BHUVANESWARI ASRAMA, BAHADURGUNJ,
ALLAHABAD.**

THE Sacred Laws of the Aryas



Professor Jolly in his Tagore Law Lectures says :—

“In modern times, after the establishment of the British rule in India, the hold of the early native institutions over the Indian mind was found to have remained so firm that it was considered expedient to retain the old national system and option amidst the most sweeping changes which had been introduced in the administration of the country and in judicial procedure. It was the desire to ascertain the authentic opinions of the early native legislators in regard to these subjects which led to the discovery of the Sanskrit literature. European Sanskrit philology may be said then to owe a debt of gratitude to the memory of the ancient Sanskrit Lawyers of India.”

Sir Henry Sumner Maine says that India

“May yet give us a new science not less valuable than the science of language and folklore. I hesitate to call it comparative jurisprudence, because if it ever exists, its area will be so much wider than the field of law. For India not only contains (or to speak more accurately, did contain) an Aryan language older than any other descendant of the common mother tongue and a variety of names of natural objects less perfectly crystallised than elsewhere into fabulous personages, but it includes a whole world of Aryan institutions, Aryan customs, Aryan laws, Aryan ideas in a far earlier stage of growth and development than any which survive beyond its border.”

What Maine hesitated to call comparative jurisprudence cannot be brought into existence unless the legal lore of ancient India is properly studied.

The fact cannot be denied that the contents of the law books of the Hindus are not so well known to Indian legal practitioners unacquainted with Sanskrit as they deserve to be. To remove this want the Pânini Office will publish in quarterly parts of 100 royal octavo pages, from October 1912, law books of the Hindus giving original texts, transliteration and translation of every word in the text, together with the translation of authoritative commentaries and such critical and explanatory notes as will elucidate the meaning of the text.

The October number will contain the Prâyaścitta Adhyâya of Yâjñavalkya Smṛiti with the commentary Mitâkṣara translated into English by Rai Bahadur Śrīśa Chandra Vasu, assisted by Mr. S. N. Naraharayya, of Mysore.

**Annual Subscription has been fixed at Rupees 8
inclusive of postage.**

All communications to be addressed to—

THE MANAGER,

PANINI OFFICE,

BAHADURGANJ, ALLAHABAD.



CATALOGUE OF
The Publications of the Panini Office,
BAHADURGANJ, ALLAHABAD,

WHICH AIM AT

“To conserve the ancient learning”
of India.—*King-Emperor George V's reply*
to the Address of the Calcutta University,
January 6th, 1912.



THE SACRED LAWS OF THE ARYAS

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

The LEADER of Allahabad writes:—

In his memorandum on the training of Pandits and Maulvis, submitted to the Conference of Orientalists held at Simla in July last year and published in the official report (recently printed by the Government of India), Rai Sarat Chandra Das Bahadur, C.I.E., the well-known Tibetan scholar and explorer, wrote:—

‘It was the administration of Law to Hindus according to their customs and usages which made the judicial officers of the East India Company study Sanskrit. A few works on Hindu Law, e.g., Manu, a portion of the Mitakshara and some others were therefore translated into English. But there are many Hindu law books which are not translated into English and so their contents are not known to those who are not acquainted with Sanskrit. I suggest that the translations of Hindu law books should be undertaken under the supervision of the Hindu Judges of the High Courts in India. Properly qualified European Judges may also help in this work.

‘For higher studies in Law where a student takes up Hindu or Mahomedan Law, he should be required to study it from original sources in Sanskrit or Arabic as the case may be. I also suggest that a Chair be established in every Central Law College of a province to teach Hindu and Mahomedan Law. The professors should be scholars of Sanskrit and Arabic. They should be also required to edit and translate law books existing in those languages.’

Sanskrit is a dead language and there are very few scholars in this country or outside it who possess necessary qualifications to undertake the task of critically translating Hindu Law texts. A very thorough knowledge of Sanskrit Grammar is needed for the study of any higher branch of Hindu learning and specially a technical subject like that of Law. We do not know of any one who is better qualified for such a task than Rai Śris Chandra Basu Bahadur * * * He has studied Sanskrit at Benares and produced works which have been spoken of very highly by competent Sanskrit scholars all over the world. * * *

Such a Sanskrit scholar who is as well a trained lawyer and judicial officer is best qualified for the work suggested

[Continued on page iii. of the cover.]

WORKS BY RAI BAHADUR SRIS CHANDRA VASU.

**THE
ASTADHYAYI OF PANINI**

Complete in 1,682 pages, Royal Octavo.

*Containing Sanskrit Sutras and Vrittis with notes and explanations
in English, based on the celebrated Commentary
called the Kasika.*

PRICE FOR THE COMPLETE WORK.

Indian	Rs. 45 0 0
Foreign	£ 3 0 0

The Right Hon'ble F. Max Müller, Oxford, 9th February 1892.—
“* * * From what I have seen of it it will be a very useful work.
What should I have given for such a work forty years ago when
I puzzled my head over Panini's Sutras and the Commentaries. * *
I hope you may succeed in finishing your work.”

The Right Hon'ble F. Max Müller, Oxford 30th April 1899.—“* *
Allow me to congratulate you on your successful termination of
Panini's Grammar. It was a great undertaking, and you have done
your part of the work most admirably. I say once more what
should I have given for such an edition of Panini when I was young,
and how much time would it have saved me and others. Whatever
people may say, no one knows Sanskrit, who does not know Panini.”

Professor T. Jolly, Ph. D., Würzburg (Germany), 23rd April 1893 —
“* * Nothing could have been more gratifying to me, no doubt,
than to get hold of a trustworthy translation of Panini's Ashtadhyayi,
the standard work of Sanskrit literature, and I shall gladly do my
best to make this valuable work known to lovers and students of
the immortal literature of ancient India in this country.”

Professor W. D. Whitney, New Haven, U. S. A., 17th June 1893.—
“* * The work seems to me to be very well planned and executed,
doing credit to the translator and publisher. It is also, in my
opinion, a very valuable undertaking as it does give the European
student of the native grammar more help than he can find anywhere
else. It ought to have a good sale in Europe (and correspondingly
in America).”

Professor Dr. R. Pischel, Halle (Saale), 27th May 1893.—“* * I
have gone through it and find it an extremely valuable and useful
book, all the more so as there are very few Sanskrit scholars in
Europe who understand Panini.

A portion of this work has been prescribed in the M. A. Examina-
tion in Sanskrit in the University of London. This is so far the only
instance of an Indian author's work finding a place in the curriculum
of studies of the highest degree examination of an European Univer-
sity.

**PANINI OFFICE, BHUVANESWARI ASRAMA, BAHADURGUNJ,
ALLAHABAD.**

WORKS BY RAI BAHADUR SRIS CHANDRA VASU.

THE SIDDHANTA KAUMUDI

Or Panini's Grammatical Aphorisms as arranged and explained.

By BHATTOJI DIKSITA

Sanskrit Text and English Translation

By SRISA CHANDRA VASU and VAMANA DASA VASU

Complete in three Volumes in 2,400 pages, Royal 8vo.

CONTENTS.

VOLUME I—Name and Substantives, pages 1028.

Do. II—Part I. Verbs and their Conjugation, pages 714.

**Do. II— „ II. Kridanta or making of nouns from roots,
pages 408.**

Do. III—Vaidika Grammar, pages 247.

It contains 4,000 Sutas of Panini, 900 Sutas of Sakatayana (Unâdi), 200 Sutas on accent (Phit Sutas), 2,000 verbal roots and their conjugation incorporating the whole of the Madhaviya Dhatu-vritti with copious explanatory extracts from Kasika, Mahabhasya, Tattvabodhini, Manorama, &c., &c.

Indian rate, exclusive of postage, Rs. 45.

Foreign rate, exclusive of postage, £ 8.

“ This is a standard work on Sanskrit grammar, and Sanskrit scholars spend at least a dozen years in mastering its intricacies. * * It may be mentioned that the Oriental Translation Fund of England advertised about three quarters of a century ago as under preparation the English translation of the Siddhanta Kaumudi by Professor Horace Hayman Wilson. But perhaps he found the work too laborious for him, for the advertised translation was never published. —(*The Indian Mirror, The Hindoo and the Indian People.*)

Index to Panini's Sutas, Dhâtupâtha, Unâdi and Phit Sûtras. Price Re. 1. 8 as.

**PANINI OFFICE, BHUVANESWARI ASRAMA, BAHADURGUNJ,
ALLAHABAD.**

WORKS BY RAI BAHADUR SRIS CHANDRA VASU.

THE

DAILY PRACTICE OF THE HINDUS

*Contains the morning and mid-day duties. 2nd Edition,
revised and enlarged.*

Price Re. 1-4.

The Central Hindu College Magazine for July 1909, in reviewing this book, writes :—

“ This is a valuable and yet easily read book that we can keep on hand, to refresh our minds about the truths underlying the daily practice when custom is blunting the perception of the meaning of the recitations we have been taught to address to the Gods, to the Guru and to the Self. As the author puts it : ‘ these practices will keep alive in us the memory that we are not only physical beings owing duties to our family, kinsmen, guests and outcasts, as well as to beasts and birds, but that we are spiritual beings as well, owing duties to the various grades of spiritual entities—Pitris, Devas, etc., at the same time we shall learn the laws of health and good living.’ We strongly recommend the book to all our readers not yet acquainted with it ; therein they may find explanations of points of daily ceremonial that may have puzzled them, for the author is enlightened as well as learned, and we also owe to him translations from the Sanskrit of works of Hindu philosophy.”

Dr. Coomaraswamy, in reviewing this work, in the *Ceylon National Review*, wrote :—

“ This unpretentious little volume is one of quite remarkable interest and importance. For the first time it is made easy for the outsider to understand, from an actual acquaintance, with the daily ritual of a devout Hindu of the old school, the meaning, the method and the depth of Hindu spiritual culture.”

“ We strongly recommend this little volume to all interested in mental culture, or who wish to know more of Hinduism as it really is.”

**PANINI OFFICE, BHUVANESWARI ASRAMA, BAHADURGUNJ,
ALLAHABAD.**

WORKS BY RAI BAHADUR SRIS CHANDRA VASU.

IN THE PRESS
FOLK-TALES OF HINDUSTAN
BY
SHAIKH CHILLI.

A new illustrated edition dedicated by permission to His
Honour SIR JAMES SCORGIE MESTON, K.C.S.I., &c.,
Lieutenant-Governor of the United
Provinces of Agra and Oudh.

Cloth, gilt letters. Price Rs. 2 only.

The REVIEW OF REVIEWS of London writes:—“Stories of a type that recall the delightful romances of the Arabian Nights.”

FOLKLORE of London for June 30th, 1909, in review of this work from the pen of Mr. M. Longworth Dames, I.C.S. (Retd.), writes:—

“The stories are told in good English. * * * The stories are excellent examples of the tales of wonder, adventure, and enchantment that circulate throughout the Mohammedan world * * *. That town of Janjal Nagari in the Land of Darkness is a sort of Gotham with features suggesting Laputa, and the continuation of extreme folly with philosophical disputation is very effective. The more elaborate stories are all good of their class, and ‘The Seven Princes,’ ‘Vikram and the Faqir,’ and ‘Prince Mahbub’ are well worthy of association with our old favourites from Alif Laila.

“It is to be hoped that Shaikh Chilli will continue his collections, and make known to the world some more gems from his treasure-house.”

The PIONEER of 22nd December 1912, in the course of a biographical sketch of the author wrote regarding these stories:—

“Serious scholars are generally known to be devoid of what is called ‘wit and humour.’ But his ‘Folk-Tales of Hindusthan’ shows how cleverly he can wield his pen for writing stories interesting and entertaining to the old and the young alike. * * * We may safely predict that like the Arabian Nights Entertainments, these stories will be eagerly read in ages to come by all classes of people. These have already been translated into Bengali and their translations in some other vernaculars are in course of preparation.”

This work has been recommended by the Directors of Public Instruction, United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, Punjab and Central Provinces, as a book suitable for the Libraries of Colleges and High Schools. The Educational Department of Bengal as well as of the Baroda State has purchased copies of this work for the use of the Schools in those territories.

PANINI OFFICE, BHUVANESWARI ASRAMA, BAHADURGUNJ,
ALLAHABAD.

WORKS BY RAI BAHADUR SRIS CHANDRA VASU.

The Sacred Books of the Hindus, Vol. I, Isa, Kena, Katha, Prasna, Mundaka and Manduka Upanisads, translated into English with Madhva's commentary and copious explanatory and critical notes. Cloth, Silver letters, Price Rs. 5.

Dr. J. Jolly, Professor of Sanskrit, University of Wurzburg, Bavaria,
“ * * the translation * * does its author every credit.”

The *Indian Mirror*, the well-known oldest daily of Calcutta, in its issue of Saturday, the 18th September, 1909, writes :—

“ The Panini Office, Allahabad, is to be congratulated on the production of this sumptuous volume of the six well-known Upanishads which have been published with the original text, Sanskrit-English vocabulary of all the words in the text in their *Pada* form, English translation of the text and Madhva's Commentary, together with copious explanatory notes by the translator, Babu Sris Chandra Vasu, the well-known Sanskrit scholar of European and American reputation. Madhva was the founder of the Dvaita School of the Vedanta philosophy, and it is for the first time that his interpretation of the Upanishads has been made known to the English-reading public. The translation has been excellently made. It is readable and not wooden-legged which unhappily is often the case with translation by European Sanskrit scholars who, moreover, do not thoroughly understand the meaning of Sanskrit phrases. * * * We recommend this new undertaking of the Panini Office to our educated countrymen for patronage, for it is an attempt to make the treasures of Hindu thought buried in Sanskrit, accessible to English-knowing public; and hence it deserves every possible encouragement.”

The Sacred Books of the Hindus, Vol. II, Part 1, Yajnavalkya Smriti, with the Commentary, Mitaksara and notes from the gloss Balambhatti; translated into English. Price Re. 1. 8 As.

The *Allahabad Law Journal*, for December 3rd, 1909, writes :—
“ It is clear that the work of translation could not have been placed in more capable hands and judging from the first instalment which has been published, we have no hesitation in saying that the work has been very well done. The first part deals with the sources of Hindu Law and the duties of a religious student. The lawyer will find much that is interesting in the first chapter on the sources of law. There is much interesting matter and much food for thought in Mr. Vasu's book and as the translator has taken good care to print the original text (with annotations) of *Yajnavalkya's Smriti* and *Vijñānesvara's* commentary, a student of Sanskrit can easily test the accuracy of the translation. It goes without saying that no serious

PANINI OFFICE, BHUVANESWARI ASRAMA, BAHADURGUNJ, ALLAHABAD.

WORKS BY RAI BAHADUR SRIS CHANDRA VASU.

student of Hindu Law can afford to overlook Mr. Vasu's valuable contribution to the legal literature of the country."

The Hon'ble Justice Sir N. G. Chandavarkar, late Vice-Chancellor of the University of Bombay writes:—"The translation of the Mitākṣara is quite faithful to the original and excellent."

The Sacred Books of the Hindus, Vol. III, The Chhandogya Upanisad, translated into English with Madhva's commentary and copious explanatory and critical notes. Cloth, gilt letters, Price Rs. 12.

The Sacred Books of the Hindus, Vol. V, The Vedanta Sutrās of Badarayana, translated into English with Govinda Bhāṣya of Baladeva and copious explanatory and critical notes. Cloth, gilt letters, Price Rs. 16.

The Modern Review for September 1912, writes:—"An excellent edition of the philosophy."

Siva Sanhita, translated into English. Price 8 As.

An easy Introduction to Yoga Philosophy, Price 8 as.

"Is an earnest endeavour to bring the truths of Yoga Philosophy within reach of the general reader; while serving as a convenient hand-book for ready reference for learners and teachers alike."—*The Central Hindu College Magazine, June 1904.*

Student's Edition of the Katha Upanisad. Price 8 as.

The Three Truths of Theosophy. Price 1 anna.

"Is a very ably written pamphlet by Babu Sris Chandra Vasu, B.A. It is very useful for propaganda work, especially for Bengal and North-Western Provinces. As the price is only one anna, or Rs. 5 per one hundred copies, intending propagandists will do well to distribute this among their friends and respective communities."—*The Theosophy in India.*

The right of Wahabis to pray in the same mosque with the Sunnis. An important judgment on a very disputed question of Muhammadan Law. Price Rs. 2.

The Compass of Truth, being the English translation of Risala-i-Haq-numa, by Prince Muhammad Dara Shikoh. Price 8 annas.

[Ready for the Press.]

Catechism of Hinduism.

2nd Edition, Revised and Enlarged.

PANINI OFFICE, BHUVANESWARI ASRAMA, BAHADURGUNJ, ALLAHABAD.

THE ENGLISH WORKS OF RAJA RAM MOHAN ROY

*With an English translation of Tuhfatul Mutwahhid-
din (His Arabic-Persian pamphlet.)*

This edition also contains some additional letters, an Introduction and 4 illustrations. Cr. 8vo., pages 1008. Price Rs. 2-8, Postage extra.

CONTENTS

Biographical Sketch of the Author. Introduction. Translation of an abridgment of the Vedanta. Translation of the Mundakopani-
shad. Translation of the Kathopanishad. Translation of the Isopa-
nishad. Divine Worship by means of the Gayatri. A Defence of
Hindu Theism. A Second Defence of the Monotheistical System of
the Vedas. An apology for the Pursuit of Final Beatitude. Reli-
gious instructions founded on sacred authorities. The Brahmanical
Magazine. Answer of a Hindu, &c. Translation of a Sanskrit Tract
on Different Modes of Worship. Humble Suggestions, &c. The Trust-
deed of the Brahmo Samaj. Autobiographical Sketch. Introduction,
&c. Preliminary Remarks—Brief Sketch of the Ancient and Modern
Boundaries and History of India. Questions and Answers on the
Judicial System of India. Questions and Answers on the Revenue
System of India. A paper on the Revenue System of India. Addition-
al Queries, respecting the condition of India. Appendix. Remarks
on Settlement in India by Europeans. Translation of a conference
between an Advocate for, and an Opponent of, the practice of Burn-
ing Widows Alive; from the original Bengali. A second conference
between an Advocate for, and an Opponent of, the practice of Burn-
ing Widows Alive. Abstract of the Arguments regarding the Burning
of Widows, considered as a Religious Rite. Brief Remarks regarding
Modern Encroachments on the Ancient Rights of Females, according
to the Hindoo Law of Inheritance. Essay on the Rights of Hindus
over Ancestral Property according to the Law of Bengal:
Appendix: Hindoo Law of Inheritance. Petition against the Press
Regulations: (1) to the Supreme Court, and (2) to the King in
Council. A letter to Lord Amherst on English Education. Address
to Lord William Bentinck. Anti-Suttee Petition to the House of
Commons. The Precepts of Jesus, the Guide to Peace and Happiness.
An Appeal to the Christian Public in Defence of the Precepts of
Jesus. Final Appeal to the Christian Public in Defence of the Pre-
cepts of Jesus. Second Appeal to the Christian Public in Defence
of the Precepts of Jesus. A letter on the Prospects of Christianity.
The Common Basis of Hindooism and Christianity. A Dialogue
between a Missionary, and Three Chinese Converts. Speeches and
Letters. Petition to Government against the Resumption of Lakheraj
Land. A Present to the Believers in one God. Index.

**PANINI OFFICE, BHUVANESWARI ASRAMA, BAHADURGUNJ,
ALLAHABAD.**

THE PRIVATE JOURNAL OF THE MARQUESS OF HASTINGS

A VERY INTERESTING WORK

Cloth, Gilt letters, Rs. 3. Postage extra.

OPINIONS

Prof. Jadunath Sarkar, M.A., Premchand Roychand Scholar, writes in the Modern Review:—The Panini Office deserves the thanks of the public for placing before them a reprint of this very interesting work at about a quarter of the price of the original. The paper is fairly thick. The misprints are remarkably few. This candid picture of India ninety-four years ago, has interest not only for the student of history and of manners, but also for the traveller, the *shikari*, and the natural historian, Lord Hastings's notes on animals being of no small value. A very pleasing light is thrown on the great pro-consul's character when we see him strictly enjoining that no harm should be done by his camp-followers to the villagers on the way, almost weeping to see that banana trees had been uprooted and used in lining his route, being visibly touched at the silent but respectful welcome of the crowds of Indians on his return to Calcutta, or breaking down at the inevitable parting from the dear ones who must be sent Home to escape the heat of the land of exile. We see in his dealings with native princes that he was a gentleman above everything else; we wonder that it was left for him to discover that in ruling subject races sympathy is the best policy. Comic touches are not wanting.

The Indian Review.—A great deal of valuable information is to be found in this *Journal*. * * * In all his political dealings in India, His Lordship was actuated by a high sense of duty and morality.

This work has been recommended by the Directors of Public Instruction, Bengal, Eastern Bengal and Assam, United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, and Bombay, for the Libraries of Colleges and Schools. The Director of Public Instruction, Bombay, has been pleased to publish the following notification in "*Indian Education*":—"The Private Journal of the Marquess of Hastings, reprinted by the 'Panini Office', Allahabad, Price Rs. 3 per copy, is recommended as a book suitable for the Libraries of Colleges and High Schools in this Presidency."

(Sd.) W. H. SHARP,

Director of Public Instruction.

**PANINI OFFICE, BHUVANESWARI ASRAMA, BAHADURGUNJ,
ALLAHABAD.**

The Sacred Books of the Hindus

Translated by various Sanskrit Scholars.

Edited by MAJOR B. D. BASU, I.M.S. (retired.)

Professor Max Muller rendered an important service to the cause of comparative theology by the publication of the "Sacred Books of the East." The 49 volumes in that series represent the most important scriptures of the principal nations of Asia. Of these, 21 are translations of Sanskrit works. But still some of the most important sacred books of the Hindus have not been published in that series.

It is the duty of every faithful and true votary of Hinduism to do all that lies in his power to make known the contents of his sacred books to the world at large and to his fellow brethren in faith in India. It is not too much to say that a very large number of English educated Hindus, unacquainted with Sanskrit, possess very little knowledge of their sacred scriptures. So, while the Christian and the Mohammadan are well acquainted with their religious scriptures, the Hindu alone is ignorant of his sacred books.

To remove this want, the Pāṇini Office has been publishing in monthly parts, since July 1909, the original texts of the sacred books together with their English translations.

ORDER FORM.

To

The MANAGER,

Pāṇini Office, Bhuvaneśwari Āśram,

Bahadurganj, Allahabad.

SIR,

Please enlist my name as a subscriber to the *Sacred Books of the Hindus* for one year, and realise the annual subscription of Rs. 12-12-0 (inclusive of postage), by sending me all the numbers published since July, 1912, per V. P. P.

Yours faithfully,

Please write very
legibly

Name _____
Address _____

The Sacred Books of the Hindus

ALREADY PUBLISHED

Vol I.—Upanisads—The Isa, Kena, Katha, Prasna, Mundaka, and Mandukya Upanisads with Madhva's commentary, translated into English, with copious explanatory notes by Rai Bahadur Srisa Chandra Vasu. Cloth bound, silver letters. Second Edition, Price Rs. 5.

Vol. II.—Yajnavalkya Smriti with the commentary Mitaksara and notes from the gloss of Balambhatti, translated into English with copious explanatory notes by Rai Bahadur Srisa Chandra Vasu. This work is indispensable to all Indian lawyers.

Part I.—Mitaksara with Balambhatti, two chapters.

Price—One Rupee and eight annas. Ditto, Sanskrit Text, Rs. 2.

Vol. III.—The Chhandogya Upanisad with Madhva's Bhasya, translated into English with copious explanatory notes by Rai Bahadur Srisa Chandra Vasu. Cloth bound, gilt letters. Price Rs. 12.

Vol. IV.—Aphorisms of Yoga by Patanjali, with the commentary of Vyasa and the gloss of Vachaspati Misra : by Rama Prasada, M.A., cloth bound, silver letters, Rs. 5.

Vol. V.—The Vedanta Sutas with Baladeva's Commentary translated into English with copious explanatory notes by Rai Bahadur Srisa Chandra Vasu. Cloth, gilt letters. Price Rs. 16.

Vol. VI.—The Vaisesika Sutas of Kanada with the Commentary of Sankara Misra and extracts from the gloss of Jayanarayana. Translated by Nanda Lal Sinha, M.A., B.L. Cloth, silver letters. Price Rs. 7.

Vol. VII.—The Bhakti Sastra, containing Sutas of Narada and Sandilya, and Bhaktiratnavali of Visnu Puri. Translated into English by Nanda Lal Sinha, M.A., B.L., Manmatha Nath Pal, B.A., B.L., and a retired Professor of Sanskrit respectively. Cloth, gilt letters. Price Rs. 7.

Vol. VIII.—The Nyaya Sutas of Gotama, translated into English with an original Commentary by Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. Satis Chandra Vidyabhusan, M.A., Ph.D., Principal, Sanskrit College, Calcutta. Part I. Price 1 Re. 8 as.

Vol. IX.—The Garuda Purana translated into English by Earnest Wood. Cloth, gilt letters. Price Rs. 3-8.

Vol. X.—The Mimamsa Sutas of Jaimini, translated into English with an original commentary, by Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. Gange Nath Jha, M.A., D. Litt. Parts 1, 2 and 3. Price Rs. 4-8.

Vol. XI.—The Samkhya Pravachana Sutra with the Vritti of Aniruddha, and the Bhasya of Vijnana Bhiksu and extracts from the Vritti-Sara of Mahadeva Vedantin, translated by Nandalal Sinha, M.A., B.L., Deputy Magistrate, Bihar. Part I, Price Re. 1, 8 as.

PANINI OFFICE, BHUVANESWARI ASRAMA, BAHADURGUNJ,
ALLAHABAD.

Vol. XII.—The Brihajjatakam of Varaha Mihira, with illustrations, translated into English by Swami Vijnananand (Hari Prasanna Chatterjee, B.A., L.C.E.) cloth ; gilt letters. Price Rs. 7.

Vol. XIII.—Sukra-Niti, translated by Prof. B. K. Sarkar M.A. Parts 1 and 2. Price Rs. 3.

Vol. XIV. The Brihadâraṇyaka Upanisad, with Madhva's commentary translated into English, by Rai Bahadur Srisa Chandra Vasu.

[In preparation.]

Extra Volume.—The Adhyatma Ramayana, translated into English by Rai Bahadur Lala Baij Nath. Price Rs. 3.

Dr. J. Jolly, Ph. D., Hon. Litt. D., Oxford, Professor of Sanskrit, University of Wurzburg, Bavaria, writes :—"I take a special interest in this new series of the Sacred Books of the Hindus, trusting that it will be a success such as Max Muller's series of the Sacred Books of the East has been. Yours, I gather, is an essentially patriotic undertaking. It will help to promote the interest in things Indian, in Indian learning and Indian religion, both in your country and in Europe."

OUR PATRONS.

The following Governments and Native States have encouraged the publication of the Sacred Books of the Hindus by subscribing to it :—

- (1) The Secretary of State for India.
 - (2) The Government of India.
 - (3) The Government of Bengal.
 - (4) The Government of Madras.
 - (5) The Government of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh.
 - (6) H. H. the Maharaja of Travancore.
 - (7) H. H. the Maharaja of Mysore.
 - (8) H. H. the Maharaja of Indore.
 - (9) H. H. the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda.
 - (10) H. H. the Maharaja of Kolhapur.
 - (11) H. H. the Maharaja of Jodhpur.
 - (12) H. H. the Maharaja of Rewah.
 - (13) H. H. the Maharaja of Benares.
 - (14) The University of Calcutta.
 - (15) The University of Madras.
- etc., etc., etc.

WORKS BY

RALPH T. H. GRIFFITH, M.A., C.I.E.

LATE PRINCIPAL, QUEEN'S COLLEGE, BENARES

IDYLLS FROM THE SANSKRIT

With his portrait and biographical sketch,

BY

MAHAMAHOPADHYAYA

PANDIT ADITYARAM BHATTACHARYA, M.A.

(CLOTH, GILT LETTERS.)

Price—Two Rupees only.

SCENES FROM THE RAMAYANA

(CLOTH, GILT LETTERS.)

Price—One Rupee and Eight Annas only.

The Theosophist for March 1913, writes :—

"In *Scenes from the Rāmāyaṇ* the well-known author endeavours to give to the public something like a connected story of the hero's adventures, from his birth to the loss of Sītā. The result is highly satisfactory ; the life of Rāmā is rendered in simple yet melodious metre, and we rise from the perusal of the *Rāmāyaṇa* "with a loftier idea of all the virtues that can adorn man—of truth, of filial piety, of paternal love, of female chastity and devotion, of a husband's faithfulness and love, of fraternal affection, of meekness, of forgiveness, of fortitude, of universal benevolence."

"*The Idylls* are beautiful, poetical translations of the best specimens of Sanskrit poems, sacred and profane, epic and lyrical. To

**PANINI OFFICE, BHUVANESWARI ASRAMA, BAHADURGUNJ,
ALLAHABAD.**

read a nation's literature and, above all, its poetry and folk-lore, in which is enshrined that which moves and inspires its heart and soul, with sympathy and an honest endeavour to understand and appreciate, inevitably brings men into closer relation with that nation's life and spirit and so helps to promote Brotherhood. This, one ventures to think, may have been one of the motives which prompted Mr. Griffith to devote so much of his valuable time to these translations—not the least of many services he rendered to India, causing friends and pupils to hold his memory in grateful veneration."

The Modern Review for February 1913, writes :—

Time was when Sanskrit was not regarded as fit to be compared with Greek and Latin in regard to literary excellence and its philological aspect was alone considered as deserving of study. This was the view placed before the Public Service Commission of 1886 by many cultured Anglo-Indian witnesses who wanted to justify the difference observed by the Indian Civil Service Commissioners in marking the classical languages of the East and the West. No one with any pretensions to culture would, we trust, hold by the same principle now. Not a year passes by but important discoveries are made of works in the Sanskrit language covering the entire domain of human knowledge. Even the oft quoted anonymous verses—the number of which is legion—which fly about from mouth to mouth are found to contain the very quintessence of wisdom, crystalising as they do the generalised experience of an ancient race which has thought deeply on all varieties of subjects affecting human life and conduct. The two neatly got-up volumes before us should serve to dispel the illusion that Sanskrit cannot contribute much to literary culture. Mr. Griffith was himself a poet of no mean order, and he combined with his poetic gift a deep knowledge of, and an abiding love for Sanskrit literature. His free metrical renderings of selected passages have caught the fine spirit of the original in a higher degree than many laboured literary translations. By readers unacquainted with the rich storehouse of Sanskrit literature, or even those who are on the threshold of it, these volumes will be highly appreciated. The publishers have rendered a patriotic service by making available the treasures of Sanskrit literature to foreign readers in their present attractive poetic garb.

The Hindusthan Review for December 1912, writes :—

The Panini Office (Allahabad) deserve well of admirers of Sanskrit literature by their reprints of the late Mr. Ralph Griffith's *Scenes from the Ramayana* and *Idylls from the Sanskrit*. The latter now includes all Mr. Griffith's fugitive translations from Sanskrit and its value is enhanced by a sketch of the author from the pen of Mahamahopadhyaya Pandit Adityaram Bhattacharya, M.A., as also by a halftone photo of his.

**PANINI OFFICE. BHUVANESWARI ASRAMA, BAHADURGUNJ,
ALLAHABAD.**

NO STUDENT OF SANSKRIT CAN DO WITHOUT MAX MULLER'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT SANSKRIT LITERATURE

**Cheap reprint of this valuable work—long
out of print—has been published
by the Panini office.**

PRICE SIX RUPEES ONLY

~~~~~

“Too well-known to require any introduction. Every public library and every Sanskritist and historian ought to have a copy.”—(The “Modern Review” for May 1912).

“‘THE PANINI OFFICE,’ Allahabad, deserve praise for their enterprise in publishing an accurate and neat reprint of the late Professor Max Müller’s classical work—*A History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, first published in 1859. Though it is now fifty-three years since it saw the light, it has defied the course of time and is even to-day acknowledged as a standard work on Vedic literature. For many years it has been out of print and has fetched fabulous prices. We, therefore, welcome the new edition and commend it to the students of the subject.”—(The “Hindustan Review” for May-June 1912.)

---

**PANINI OFFICE, BHUVANESWARI ASRAMA, BAHADURGUNJ,  
ALLAHABAD.**

## WORKS BY

**Prof. BENOY KUMAR SARKAR, M.A.**

**I. Published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. in London.**—The Science of History and the Hope of Mankind.

### **II. TRANSLATION OF PROF. SARKAR'S Works :—**

**1. English** (In the Press in England)—(i) Introduction to the Science of Education. (ii) Lessons on Sanskrit.

**2. Hindi**—(i) National Education in Ancient Greece (In the Press). (ii) The Man of Letters (Sahitya-Sevi). (iii) The Study of Language (In the Press). (iv) Lessons on Sanskrit (In the Press). (v) Introduction to the Science of Education. (vi) The Propagation of Hindu Literature.

**III. IN THE PRESS :—**1. Sukraniti—Sukracharyya's System of Morals (Social, Economic and Political)—rendered into English with Introduction and Notes for the *Sacred Books of the Hindus Series* published by the Panini Office, Allahabad. 2. Raj Tarangini—The Annals of Kashmir by the poet-historian Kalhan, rendered into Bengali. 3. A Socio-Religious Institution of Bengal—a contribution to the study of Hindu Sociology.

**IV. IN BENGALI :—**(i) Historical Essays. (ii) Miscellaneous Essays. (iii) Problems in Modern Education. (iv) Siksha Vijnan or The Science of Education and the Inductive Method of Teaching Series—11 volumes already published, others in preparation.

**V. IN ENGLISH :—**(A) Already Published (a) Aids to General Culture Series :—1. Economics. 2. Constitutions. 3. Ancient Europe. 4. Mediæval Europe. 5. English Literature. (b) The Man of Letters. (c) The Hindu University—what it means. (d) The Pedagogy of the Hindus.

(B) **IN PREPARATION :—**1. *Lectures on the Science of History*—An investigation of general principles underlying the course of universal history. 2. *An Introduction to the History of Indian Civilisation*—An attempt to elucidate the working of the forces, both national and international as well as political and non-political, that have moulded the history of the Indian people—based on a study and interpretation of available materials from Biological standpoint. 3. *Studies in Sanskrit Literature*—Literary and Sociological.

**IN THE PRESS**

# **THE INDIAN MEDICINAL PLANTS**

**CONTAINING THE BOTANICAL DESCRIPTIONS, PROPERTIES AND USES  
OF ABOVE 1300 INDIAN PLANTS USED IN MEDICINE BY  
THE AYURVEDIC, YUNANI AND EUROPEAN  
MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS.**

**This work is useful to botanists, medical men, Forest officers and all those interested in the development of economic resources of India.**

**It contains illustrations of above 1,300 medicinal plants, on about 1,100 Royal 4to sized lithographic plates.**

**Some of the plants have been for the first time drawn from nature.**

**BY**

**Lieut.-Col. K. R. KIRTIKAR, F.L.S., I.M.S., (Retd.)**

**Major B. D. BASU, (Retd.)**

**AN I.C.S., (Retd.)**

**AND**

**Professor BHIM CHANDRA CHATTERJEE,**

**B.A., B.Sc., Etc.**

**The Honourable Maharaja Bahadur Manindra Chandra Nandy of Cossimbazar has contributed the princely donation of ten thousand Rupees towards the publication of this useful work.**

**PANINI OFFICE. BHUVANESWARI ASRAMA, BAHADURGANJ,  
ALLAHABAD.**

by Rai Sarat Chandra Dâs Bahâdur in the memorandum from which extracts have already been given above.

We are glad, therefore, that the Pânini Office has undertaken to publish the Sacred Laws of the Aryas. \* \* \*

For the greater portion of India, Hindu Law is administered according to the Mitakshara School. It is a matter of great regret, that the whole of this authoritative work on Hindu Law has not been translated into English. Since the days of Colebrooke, Indian Lawyers have laid stress on Vyavahâra Adhyâya only. But surely Âchâra and Prâyaśchitta Adhyâyas are as important in deciding questions of Hindu Law as the Vyavahâra Adhyâya.

We wish every success to this new venture of the Panini Office and trust that our readers in general and practising lawyers in particular will give every support in their power to this undertaking.

*The MODERN REVIEW writes :—*

The British law-courts in India administer to Hindus their own laws, as laid down in their ancient law-books, in all matters of inheritance and religious and social customs and usage. But many works on Hindu law still remain to be published with translations, after proper editing and collation of readings. It is, therefore, of the highest importance, alike to the Government, the Hindu public and the lawyers, that those Sanskrit legal works which are still unpublished and untranslated should be made available for study and reference. In the interests, too, of what may be termed comparative jurisprudence, these laws of the Hindus should be published with translations.

We are glad to find, therefore, that the Pânini Office of Allahâbad has undertaken to publish "The Sacred Laws of the Aryans." \* \* \* This publishing house has justly acquired fame by its edition of the Ashtâdhyâyi of Pânini, of the Siddhanta-Kaumudî, of many philosophical works and of the well-known series of the Sacred Books of the Hindus. \* \* \*

As Mr. Basu is well-known both as a sound Sanskrit scholar and a very able judicial officer, possessed of great legal erudition, the work is sure to be done in an eminently satisfactory manner.

# THE Sacred Laws of the Aryas

Edited by Rai Bahadur Srisa Chandra Vasu.

Professor Jolly in his Tagore Law Lectures says :—

“In modern times, after the establishment of the British rule in India, the hold of the early native institutions over the Indian mind was found to have remained so firm, that it was considered expedient to retain the old national system and adoption amidst the most sweeping changes which had been introduced in the administration of the country and in judicial procedure. It was the desire to ascertain the authentic opinions of the early native legislators in regard to these subjects which led to the discovery of the Sanskrit literature. European Sanskrit philology may be said then to owe a debt of gratitude to the memory of the ancient Sanskrit Lawyers of India.”

Sir Henry Sumner Maine says that India

“May yet give us a new science not less valuable than the science of language and folklore. I hesitate to call it comparative jurisprudence, because if it ever exists, its area will be so much wider than the field of law. For India not only contains (or to speak more accurately, did contain) an Aryan language older than any other descendant of the common mother tongue and a variety of names of natural objects less perfectly crystallised than elsewhere into fabulous personages, but it includes a whole world of Aryan institutions, Aryan customs, Aryan laws, Aryan ideas in a far earlier stage of growth and development than any which survive beyond its border.”

What Maine hesitated to call comparative jurisprudence cannot be brought into existence unless the legal lore of ancient India is properly studied.

The fact cannot be denied that the contents of the law books of the Hindus are not so well known to Indian legal practitioners unacquainted with Sanskrit as they deserve to be.

To remove this want, the Pânini office has undertaken to publish English translations of the Law Books of the Hindus together with their authoritative commentaries.

## JUST READY

Yājñavalkya Smṛiti with the commentary Mitākṣara, Prâyaścitta Adhyâya translated into English with copious explanatory notes. Price Ten (10) Rupees.

---

PANINI OFFICE, BHUVANESWARI ASRAM, BAHADURGANJ,  
ALLAHABAD.











